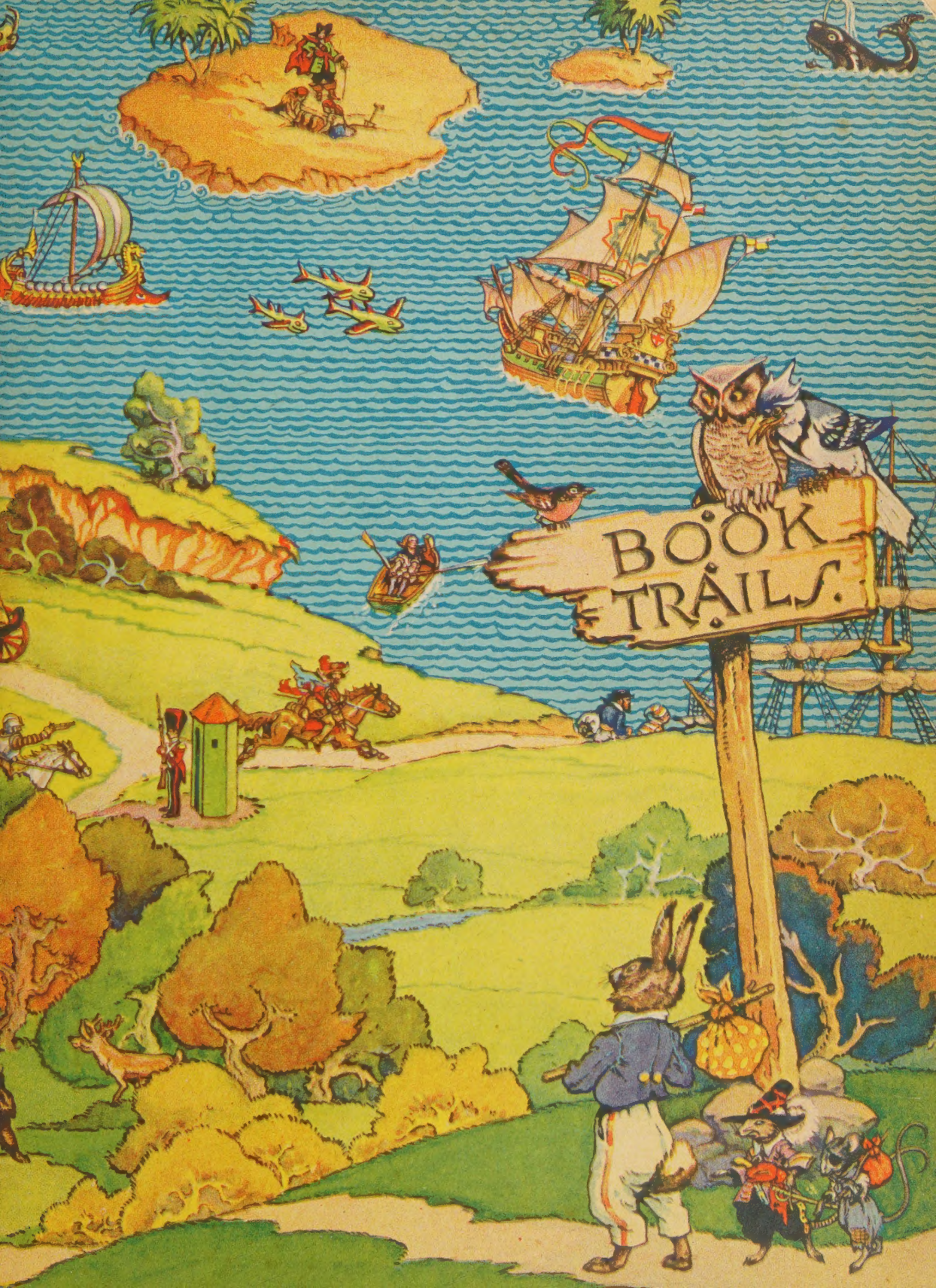
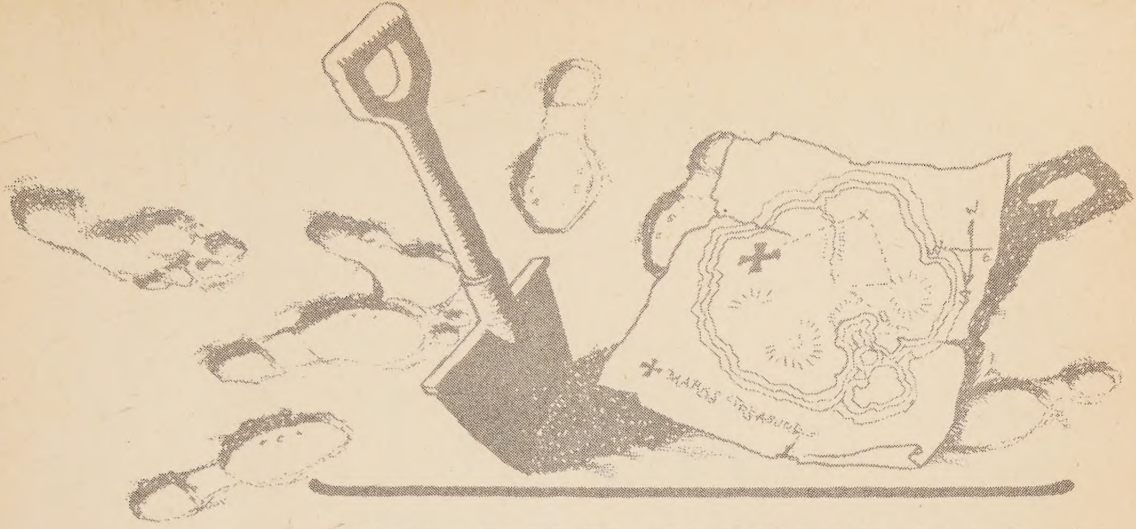


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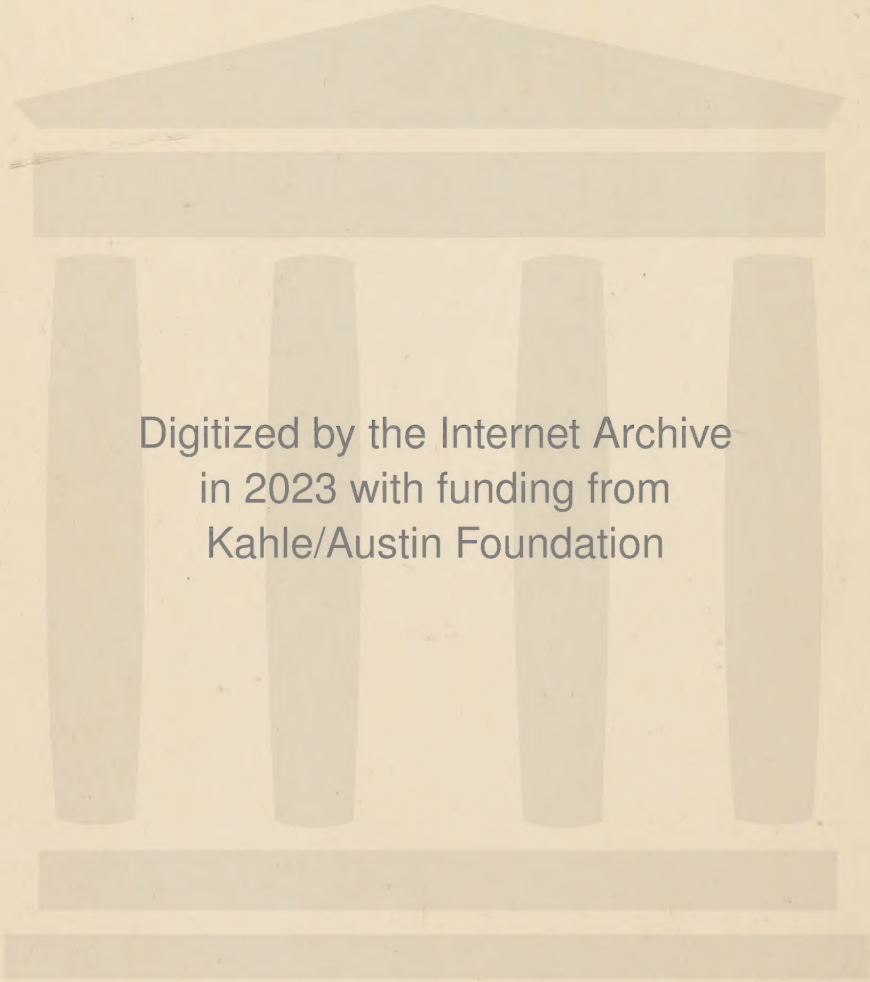
ON THE HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE


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ON THE HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE



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THE CLIMBING ROAD

WHERE do you go, oh, climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever:
"I go," it seems to answer back,
"To seek the great endeavor!"

Be mine your way, oh, climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever,
For still my heart within me cries
To seek the great endeavor.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

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TI-TIRITI-TI



ANNE MACDONELL

ONCE upon a time there was a little old peasant who had but one small field no bigger than the palm of your hand, and all full of stones and briars. He had set up a hayrick in it, and there he lived, digging, sowing, and weeding, from year's end to year's end, and farming it as best he could.

When it was time to rest he would pull a whistle from his pocket, and *Ti-tiriti-ti* went the tune, always the same one; then he would go to work again.

But all this time the poor little bit of a field, full of stones and briars, yielded him more profits than a farm. When his neighbors gathered in twenty times what they had sown, he was sure to have a hundredfold, to say the least.

Some of his neighbors were full of spite and envy. At one time not one of them would have taken that bit of ground, even as a gift; and now that he had it, there was nothing they would not have done to get it away from him.

"I say, neighbor, don't you want to get rid of that heap of stones? I know someone who would pay you three times its value."

But the peasant would answer:

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!

Reprinted from *The Italian Fairy Book*, by Anne Macdonell, by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

And another would say: "Neighbor, don't you want to get rid of these stones? I know somebody who would be glad to pay you three times their value."

But the answer was always:

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!

Now it once happened that the King passed that way, accompanied by his Ministers. When he saw the little field (which looked more like a garden, so green and flourishing was its crop, while the corn in the fields round about was so poor and faded it looked like the bristles of an old brush), he stopped, struck with amazement, and said to his Ministers, "What a fine crop of corn! I would willingly buy that field."

"May it please your Majesty, but it is not for sale. It belongs to a very odd sort of man, who answers all the offers that are made to him with these words:

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!

"Oh, I should like to see if he'll answer me that way!" said the King; and he ordered the peasant to be called to him.

"Is it true that you would not give up your field even to the King?"

"His Majesty has so many fields, what good would my poor heap of stones do him?"



"But supposing he wanted them ?"
"Supposing he wanted them? Ah!

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!"

The King made believe to have taken no offense at this; but during the night he sent a hundred guardsmen to trample down the crop without making any noise, so as not to leave so much as one blade of grass standing upright. You may think what

a sight met the peasant's eyes the next morning when he came out from his hayrick. Everything destroyed! And all his kind neighbors standing there staring over the hedge with the greatest satisfaction, though they tried to look as if they were sorry.

"Ah, neighbor, neighbor!" said they. "If you had but sold your heap of stones in time, this misfortune would not have befallen you!"

But to all this he answered not a word, just as though they had not been speaking to him. When they had all taken themselves off about their business, he pulled his whistle out of his pocket, and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the corn began to rise up again; and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* it all stood up quite straight, as if nothing had happened to it.

The King, quite sure of his affair, sent for the peasant, and began, "I hear there is someone who bears you a grudge, my man, and that last night your crop of corn was half-destroyed. Now, sell me that heap of stones of yours; when the folk know that they are mine they'll keep at a respectful distance."

"Please your Majesty, what has been told you is not true; my crop is finer than ever."

The King bit his lips. So, then, his orders had not been obeyed! And he blamed the Ministers. But when they told him that the poor guardsmen could not even move, they had stamped so hard all night, his Majesty was astounded.

"Then tonight turn all my flocks into the field!"

Next morning, when the peasant came out from his hayrick, what a sight he beheld! The ground was perfectly stripped

of the whole crop of corn and was as smooth as satin!

And his good neighbors, as usual, were saying:

"Ah, neighbor, neighbor! If you had but taken advice, and sold that heap of stones there, this new misfortune would not have fallen upon you!"

But he, without a word, went shuffling about as if they had not been speaking to him.

When at last they had all gone about their business, out he pulled his whistle, and *Ti-tiriti-ti*, the corn began to sprout up again; and *Ti-tiriti-ti*, the corn was waving high and green, as if nothing had ever happened to it.

This time the King was quite sure he had won the day. He wanted to see that man! Just think what a face he would make!

So no sooner did the peasant come into his presence than he said, "There really must be someone who bears you a grudge, my poor fellow. I hear that last night your crop of corn was again quite destroyed. Come now! you sell me that heap of stones of yours; when the people know they belong to me, they'll look at them from a respectful distance."

"But, please your Majesty, my crop is not destroyed. It is finer than ever!"

The King bit his lips for spite. Then his orders had not been obeyed this time either!

And he found fault with his Ministers. But the Ministers told him that the flocks had eaten so much during the night that the sheep were all swollen to bursting, and that half of them had already died of repletion! The King was more astonished than ever.

"There is some mystery in all this. You must find it out. I give you three days' time!"

Now there was no joking with his Majesty. The Ministers set to scratching their bald heads, in hopes of getting some idea out of them, and they thought and thought!

At last one proposed to go in the night-time, and hide behind that accursed peasant's hayrick till daybreak. Who could know what might happen? That was a good idea! So they went; and as there were several openings in the rick, they set to peeping in through them.

All night the King was not able to close an eye for thinking of what had happened, and next morning, first thing, he had his Ministers called to him.

"Oh, please your Majesty! What a sight we have seen! What a sight we have seen!"

"Whatever have you seen then? You look mighty well pleased, all of you."

"Well, that peasant has a whistle, and the moment he begins to play on it, the inside of his hayrick changes into a sumptuous palace."

"And then?"

"And then out comes a young girl, more lovely than sunlight; and he plays *Titiriti-ti,* and makes her dance to his playing. After that he says to her:

> Fair daughter, if the King would win thy hand,
> Seven years in sun and rain then he must stand.
> If seven years in sun and rain he will not bide,
> Then, daughter, thou canst never be his bride!

"And then?"

"And then he began playing again, and in a twinkling the splendid palace once more became a hayrick."

"I'll give it to him with his sun and rain! But let us first see this miracle of beauty!"

And the next night he went, accompanied by his Ministers. And behold! the peasant pulled out his whistle from his pocket; and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* in a trice the haystack was changed into a royal dwelling; and, *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the lovely maiden appeared and began to dance. At that sight the King went clean out of his wits. "Oh, what a beauty she is! She shall be mine! She shall be mine!" And without losing any time he began knocking at the entrance.

The peasant stopped playing; and all at once the royal palace became a hayrick again; but there was no sign of its opening; and the King, though burning with impatience, was forced to go home as he had come. Before dawn, however, he sent a messenger in great haste. The King wanted to see the peasant immediately.

The peasant came and presented himself. What did his Majesty command of him?

"My will is that you give me your daughter for my bride. She shall be made Queen, and you Lord Chamberlain."

"Please your Majesty, but there is a condition to fulfill—

> Whoe'er would win my daughter's hand
> Seven years in sun and rain must stand.
> If seven years he stand not in sun and in rain,
> Whoever he be, he shall woo her in vain."

The King would have rarely liked to give him such sun and rain as he would not forget in a hurry. But then there was the maiden at stake, and for love of her he would do anything.

So he shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"Then I shall wait seven years in sun and rain."

He placed the government of his kingdom in the hands of the Ministers for all the time he would be absent, and went to live with the old peasant, exposed all day to the scorching sun, or the pouring rain, even when it came down in bucketfuls.

Poor King! after a short time no one would have been able to recognize him; his skin was burnt to such a degree that he seemed made of terra-cotta. But he had one compensation, however. Every now and again, when it was night, the peasant would pull out his whistle, and before beginning his tune would say to him, "Your Majesty must remember well that

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!"

And then *Ti-tiriti-ti,* in less time than I tell you the hayrick became a sumptuous palace, and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the maiden appeared, more beautiful than the sun, moon, and stars!

All the time she danced the King simply devoured her with his eyes. He had to make a great effort not to rush up to her, fold her in his arms, and say, "You shall be my Queen!" His great love for her, and the fear of losing her, alone kept him back.

Six years, six months, and six days had already flown. The King rubbed his hands for joy.

Soon, very soon, that maiden, more beautiful than the sun, moon, and stars, would become his bride, and he would return to his Royal Palace, a King as before, only much, much happier than ever he had been!

But bad luck would have it that one night the peasant took out his whistle as usual and began playing without reminding him, "Your Majesty,

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!"

When he saw her the King could no longer restrain himself, and running up to the fair maiden, embraced her, crying, "You shall be my Queen! You shall be my Queen!"

Like a flash of lightning the maiden was turned into a knotty trunk of a tree!

"Yet I had warned your Majesty!" said the peasant:

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!

The King seemed turned to stone with grief and amazement. Must he begin all over again? Yes, he must begin all over again. Well, over again he began. He roasted himself in the sun.

Sun, fair sun above
I suffer here for love!

He let himself be drenched by the rain.

Rain, good, gentle rain,
For the maid I suffer pain!

And when the peasant would pull his whistle out of his pocket, and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the maiden appeared and began to dance, he devoured her with his eyes from a corner, but as quiet and still as oil, for he did not feel inclined to begin all over again another time. And again six years, six months, and six days had passed away, and the King began to rub his hands for joy.

But misfortune would have it that one night, when the maiden was dancing to the sound of the peasant's whistle as she had never danced before, with such grace! such elegance! the King could stand it no longer, and rushing up to her, embraced her, crying, "Ah, my Queen! my Queen!"

And what should he find in his arms again but the knotty trunk of a tree?

"Ah, your Majesty! Your Majesty!" said the old peasant, "yet I had told you,

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!"

The wretched King stood stock-still in dismay and disappointment. "Must I begin all over again?"

"Yes, you must begin all over again!"

And he began again.

Sun, fair sun above
I suffer here for love!
Rain, good, gentle rain,
For the maid I suffer pain!

This time, however, he was more on his guard, and when at last the seven years appointed had passed, he won the

maiden more beautiful than sunlight. He could hardly believe it was true.

But what had happened in the meanwhile? Well, his Ministers and subjects, thinking he had gone mad, had forgotten all about him, and had conferred the crown, some years before, on one of his relations. So when the King presented himself at his palace with his fair bride leaning on his arm, the soldiers who stood at the gate as sentinels, said, "You can't pass here, sir! You can't pass here!"

"I am the King! call down my Ministers!"

But the old ones he had known were all dead, and those of the new King let him talk till he was tired.

He then turned to his people. "How is this? Do you not recognize your King?"

The people very civilly laughed in his face, but otherwise paid him not the slightest attention. Quite in despair he went back to the peasant's little field, where the hayrick once stood; but to his surprise he saw a splendid edifice worthy of being a king's palace. He went upstairs, but instead of the peasant there came forward to meet him a handsome old man with a flowing white beard. It was no other than the great Magician Sabino!

"Don't lose heart!" he said, and taking the King by the hand he led him into a splendid hall where stood a large basin full of clear water. The Magician, seizing the basin, poured its contents on his head, and the King, from being a rather elderly looking man, once more became a blooming youth, as when he was but twenty years of age.



Then the magician said to him: "Look out of the window and play on this whistle, and you shall see!"

And so the King did, playing *Ti-tiriti-ti,* and behold, a large army of magnificent men clad in full armor, as compact in their ranks as a London fog, came streaming over the hills and down into the valley.

War was declared, and while the soldiers fought, he stood on the top of a rising ground and played away, *Ti-tiriti-ti,* never stopping till the battle was won.

Then he returned to his Royal Palace, conquering and triumphant. He forgave everybody, and to celebrate his wedding with the fair maid he loved so well, gave his people a whole month of feasting and merrymaking.

And soon was given to him a son and heir,
And they all lived happily without a care.



HOW KARI SAVED OUR LIVES IN THE JUNGLE

Dhan Gopal Mukerji

WHEN Kari grew to be five years old, he was almost as high as the ceiling. He was never trained for hunting. We never thought of killing anything except snakes and tigers, and these we killed when they came toward the village and injured men. So Kari never had the training of a hunting elephant. Just the same, he was very alert and steady in the face of danger, so when it was a question of going into the jungle on the back of an elephant, we generally took Kari with us. During such trips we did not put a cloth of gold on his back or silver bells on his sides. These bells are made in certain parts of India where silversmiths know how to melt and mix silver so that when the clapper strikes the sides of the bell there will be a sound like rushing water. The two bells are tied by a silver chain and slung over the elephant's back, one dangling on each side of him. We never put a howdah on the back of Kari. Very few Hindus put howdahs on elephants.

Do you know what a howdah is? It is a box with high sides, inside of which there are chairs for travelers. The howdahs are generally for people who are not accustomed to elephants. They need the high sides so that when the elephant walks they will not fall from his back. They stay in their

By permission, from *Kari the Elephant*. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

seats leaning on the edge of the box and see very little, especially children who are not tall enough to see over the sides. That is why Indian children prefer riding bareback on an elephant to taking a howdah.

One evening when my brother and I went out, we put a mattress on Kari's back and tied it very tightly with cords so that it would not slip, for it is not pleasant to slip and fall under an elephant's belly and be stepped on. But Kari was trained so that he would not have stepped on us even if we had slipped under him. We tightened the cords to the mattress, however, and lay down for the night. Though we had bells, we lifted them up and silenced the clappers, so that in walking through the jungle road they would not ring and frighten the animals, for the forest is the dwelling place of silence, and silence being the voice of God, no man dares to disturb it. We lay on the back of Kari and looked up at the stars. In India, the stars are so close that you can almost pluck them with your hands, and the velvet blue of the sky is like a river of stillness running between banks of silver.

As we lay there, unable to go to sleep right away, we heard jungle sounds. The heavy tread of the elephant was like clouds brushing the crests of the forest. Once in a while you could see a tiger come out of the jungle, cross a road, and disappear in the distance; but Kari was so brave he never condescended to notice the comings and goings of tigers. Once we heard the bark of a fox very near us and then he came out of the jungle. Kari stopped and the fox passed across the road, then we moved on again. In the moonlight which made the road



before us look like a river of silver we saw squirrels leaping from branch to branch.

You know, perhaps, that elephants can sleep as they walk. Presently Kari's walk slackened into a slow pace, and we felt quite sure that he was dozing. Then we remembered nothing, for we too fell asleep. I cannot tell how much time passed before we were startled out of our sleep by a terrible roar, a ghastly trumpeting of the elephant, and a terrible lunge of his body. We had to hold on to his back very tightly to avoid being thrown off. In a few seconds both of us had turned over and were lying on our faces, holding on to the cords that held the mattress to Kari's back, while he broke into a run.

Trees bent and broke, branches fell, and we could hear the monkeys stampeding from tree to tree, and flocks of birds, startled out of their sleep, falling upon us, their wings beating

our faces. We shouted to Kari to be calm, but he went on as if he were mad. We heard boars snorting and running away, and strange-looking horned creatures leaping and bounding off in all directions. Then a tree in front of us fell, and the jungle throbbed for a moment. It seemed as though a shiver ran through Kari's body, and he stopped stock still. It was very difficult to tell exactly what had happened until we got off Kari's back. I spoke to him and he shook his head, then I spoke again and urged him to put up his head. He obeyed and I climbed down by his trunk. I felt it was very wet, however, and he shook me off with pain.

My brother spoke to me from above and said when I told him how the trunk felt, "Now I know. You see, this is autumn when bears eat Mohula in the moonlight under the thick shade of the trees. As you know, Mohula intoxicates bears, and makes them sleepy. Some bear had fallen asleep under the trees and Kari, who was also asleep and consequently did not even smell him with his trunk, must have come upon him without suspecting his presence. Although all bears are brought up to respect elephants, this one, no doubt, was so sleepy that he did not know who was upon him and so I am sure he must have sprung up in his surprise and scratched Kari's trunk."

If Kari had been wide awake he would have killed the bear, but being sleepy, the shock and the surprise of the attack and the pain in his trunk frightened him so that he ran out into the jungle mad with terror.

I put my hand on the trunk again. Yes, it was bleeding; I could see in the moonlight that it was not perspiration because

my hand was dark red. I spoke to Kari again; this time he did not shake his head so furiously. He was rather willing to listen and I told him I was very sorry about his trunk but could do nothing here. I also told him to go back to the road. He shook his head—that meant "No." Do you know why he did not want to go back to that road? You shall learn at the end of this story.

I got upon his back again. "Since he won't go back to the road," said my brother, "we must give him the master call so that he can make a road through the jungle," and we gave him the master call.

At this Kari lifted his bleeding trunk and smote down the first tree, and then he struck down the next tree. He came upon a third which his trunk could not pull down, so he turned around and walked away from it. After taking a few steps he stopped and slowly walked backwards and with one push of his back, knocked this tree down.

At this we could hear the flocks of birds flying in the air and feel the stamping feet below as herds of animals ran in every direction. We heard the vibrant jabber of monkeys from tree-tops, and each time a new tree fell there was more jabbering and more leaping away from tree to tree.

We clung to the elephant's back with our nails and teeth.

Soon we found ourselves on the road, three miles ahead of where Kari had been frightened by the bear.

Do you know why he did not go back to the same spot? Because no animal ever likes to return to the place where he lost his pride. For to be frightened is to lose one's pride.



LOST!

I LOST my big Geography
As I came home today.
I laid it down, I—can't—think —where—
And stopped a bit to play.

It was a nice Geography,
The seas were colored blue;
And there were bright green valleys there
With rivers running through.

Australia's there and Europe too,
And big old Africa;
But best and biggest map of all
Was our America.

And now my shoestring's in a knot,
My hair is all uncurled;
I only played ten minutes but—
I've *lost the whole big world!*

HELEN COALE CREW

By permission of the author.



THE GOLD BREAD



EDOUARD R. L. LABOULAYE

ONCE upon a time a widow with her beautiful daughter lived on the edge of a tiny village. The mother was modest and humble; the daughter, Marienka, was pride itself. She had suitors from all sides, but none satisfied her; the more they tried to please her, the more she disdained them.

One night, when the poor mother could not sleep, she began to pray for her dear child, who gave her more than one care. Marienka was asleep by her side. As the mother gazed lovingly at her beautiful daughter, Marienka laughed in her sleep.

"What a beautiful dream she must have, to laugh in this way!" said the mother. Then she finished her prayer, laid her head on her pillow and fell asleep.

"My dear child," said she in the morning, "what did you dream last night that you laughed so?"

"What did I dream, mamma? I dreamed that a nobleman came here for me in a copper coach, and that he put a ring on my finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars. And when I entered the church, the people paused in their worship and had eyes for no one but me."

"My daughter, my daughter, that was a proud dream!" said the mother, shaking her head. But Marienka went out singing.

The same day a wagon entered the yard. A handsome young farmer in good circumstances came to ask Marienka to share a

Hungarian version of the old tale of Kind Midas and his golden touch. Adapted.

peasant's bread with him. The mother was pleased with the suitor, but the proud Marienka refused him, saying, "Though you should come in a copper coach, and put a ring on my finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars, I would not have you for a husband." And the farmer went away storming at Marienka's pride.

The next night the mother waked, and prayed still more earnestly for her daughter, when behold! Marienka laughed again as she was sleeping.

"I wonder what she is dreaming," said the mother, who prayed, unable to sleep.

"My dear child," she said the next morning, "what did you dream last night that you laughed aloud?"

"What did I dream, mamma? I dreamed that a nobleman came here for me in a silver coach, and that he offered me a golden diadem. And when I entered the church, the people stopped their worship and looked only at me."

"Hush! you are blaspheming. Pray, my daughter, pray that you may not fall into temptation."

But Marienka ran away to escape her mother's sermon.

The same day a carriage entered the yard. A young lord came to entreat Marienka to share a nobleman's bread with him.

"It is a great honor," said the mother; but vanity is blind.

"Though you should come in a silver coach," said Marienka to the new suitor, "and should offer me a golden diadem, I would not have you for a husband."

"Take care, my child," said the poor mother; "pride is a device of the Evil One. Consider what you are saying."

"Mothers never know what they are saying," thought Marienka, and she went out shrugging her shoulders.

The third night the mother could not sleep for anxiety. As she lay awake, praying for her daughter, behold! Marienka burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Oh!" said the mother, "what can the unhappy child be dreaming now?" And she continued to pray till daylight.

"My dear child," said she in the morning, "what did you dream last night?"

"You will be angry again if I tell you," answered Marienka.

"No, no," replied the mother. "Tell me."

"I dreamed that a noble lord, with a great train of attendants, came to ask me in marriage. He was in a golden coach, and he brought me a dress of gold lace. And when I entered the church, the people looked at nobody but me."

The mother clasped her hands. Marienka, half dressed sprang from the bed and ran into the next room, to avoid a lecture that was tiresome to her.

The same day three coaches entered the yard, one of copper, one of silver, and one of gold; the first drawn by two horses, the second by four, and the third by eight, all caparisoned with gold and pearls. From the copper and silver coaches alighted pages dressed in scarlet breeches and green jackets and cloaks, while from the golden coach stepped a handsome nobleman all dressed in gold. He entered the house, and, bending one knee on the ground, asked the mother for her daughter's hand.

"What an honor!" thought the mother.

"My dream has come to pass," said Marienka. "You see



mother, that, as usual, I was right and you were wrong."

She ran to her chamber, tied the betrothal knot, and offered it smilingly as a pledge of her faith to the handsome lord, who, on his side, put a ring on her finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars, and presented her with a golden diadem and a dress of gold lace.

The proud girl ran to her room to dress for the ceremony. while the mother, still anxious, said to the bridegroom, "My good sir, what bread do you offer my daughter?"

"Among us," said he, "the bread is of copper, silver, and gold; she can take her choice."

"What does this mean?" thought the mother. But Marienka had no anxiety; she returned as beautiful as the sun, took her lover's arm, and set out for the church without asking her mother's blessing. The poor woman was left to pray alone on the threshold; and when Marienka returned and entered the carriage, she did not even turn round to look at her mother or to bid her a last farewell.

The eight horses set off at a gallop, and did not stop till they reached a huge rock, in which there was a hole as large as the gate of a city. The horses plunged into the darkness, the earth trembled, and the rock cracked and crumbled. Marienka seized her husband's hand.

"Don't be alarmed, my fair one; in a moment it will be light."

All at once a thousand lights waved in the air. The dwarfs of the mountain, each with a torch in his hand, came to salute their lord, the King of the Mines. Marienka learned for the first time her husband's name. Whether he was a spirit of good or of evil, she thought, at least he was so rich that she did not regret her choice.

They emerged from the darkness, and advanced through bleached forest and mountains that raised their pale and gloomy summits to the skies. Firs, beeches, birches, oaks, rocks, all were of lead. At the end of the forest stretched a vast meadow, the grass of which was of silver; and at the bottom of the meadow was a castle of gold, inlaid with diamonds and rubies. The carriage stopped before the door, and the King of the Mines offered his hand to his bride, saying, "My fair one, all that you see in this country is yours."

Marienka was delighted. But it is impossible to make so long a journey without being hungry; and it was with pleasure, therefore, that she saw the mountain dwarfs bring in a table, every thing on which glittered with gold, silver, and precious stones. The dishes were marvelous—side dishes of emeralds, and roasts of gold on silver salvers. Everyone ate heartily except the bride, who begged her husband for a little bread.

"Bring the copper bread," said the King of the Mines.

Marienka could not eat it.

"Bring the silver bread," said he.

Marienka could not eat it.

"Bring the gold bread," said he, at length.

Marienka could not eat it.

"My fair one," said the King of the Mines, "I am very sorry; but what can I offer you? We have no other bread."

The bride burst into tears. Her husband laughed aloud! his heart was of metal, like his kingdom.

"Weep, if you like," he cried; "it will do you no good. What you wished for you possess. Eat the bread that you have chosen."

It was thus that the rich Marienka lived in her castle, starving, always hungry, and seeking in vain for roots to allay the torture that was consuming her. God had humbled her by granting her prayer.

Three days in the year, the Rogation Days, when the people pray for the fruitful rain sent by the Lord, Marienka returns to the earth. Dressed in rags, pale and wrinkled, she begs from door to door, too happy when anyone throws her a few crusts,



and when she receives as alms from the poor what she lacks in her palace of gold—a little bread and a little pity. Some day she may win pardon and come back to live her life like the other peasants who work for the bread they eat.



IN THE MOONLIGHT

(*Au clair de la Lune*)

IN THE bright moonlight
My friend Pierrot
Lend me your pen:
I would let you know
My candle is dead,
My fire also;
Pray open your door
For I've no place to go.

Popular Song





THE RAREST ANIMAL OF ALL

HUGH LOFTING

PUSHMI-PULLYUS are now extinct. That means, there aren't any more. But long ago, when Doctor Dolittle was alive, there were some of them still left in the deepest jungles of Africa; and even then they were very, very scarce. They had no tail, but a head at each end, and sharp horns on each head. They were very shy and terribly hard to catch. The black men got most of their animals by sneaking up behind them while they were not looking. But you could not do this with the pushmi-pullyu—because, no matter which way you came towards him, he was always facing you. And besides, only one half of him slept at a time. The other head was always awake—and watching. This was why they were never caught and never seen in Zoos. Though many of the greatest huntsmen and the

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cleverest menagerie-keepers spent years of their lives searching through the jungles in all weathers for pushmi-pullyus, not a single one had ever been caught. Even then, years ago, he was the only animal in the world with two heads.

Well, the monkeys set out hunting for this animal through the forest. And after they had gone a good many miles, one of them found peculiar footprints near the edge of a river; and they knew that a pushmi-pullyu must be very near that spot.

Then they went along the bank of the river a little way and they saw a place where the grass was high and thick; and they guessed that he was in there.

So they all joined hands and made a great circle around the high grass. The pushmi-pullyu heard them coming; and he tried hard to break through the ring of monkeys. But he couldn't do it. When he saw that it was no use trying to escape, he sat down and waited to see what they wanted.

They asked him if he would go with Doctor Dolittle and be put on show in the Land of the White Men.

But he shook both his heads hard and said, "Certainly not!"

They explained to him that he would not be shut up in a menagerie but would just be looked at. They told him that the Doctor was a very kind man but hadn't any money; and people would pay to see a two-headed animal and the Doctor would get rich and could pay for the boat he had borrowed to come to Africa in.

But he answered, "No. You know how shy I am—I hate being stared at." And he almost began to cry.

Then for three days they tried to persuade him.

And at the end of the third day he said he would come with them and see what kind of a man the Doctor was, first.

So the monkeys traveled back with the pushmi-pullyu. And when they came to where the Doctor's little house of grass was, they knocked on the door.

The duck, who was packing the trunk, said, "Come in!"

And Chee-Chee very proudly took the animal inside and showed him to the Doctor.

"What in the world is it?" asked John Dolittle, gazing at the strange creature.

"Lord save us!" cried the duck. "How does it make up its mind?"

"It doesn't look to me as though it had any," said Jip, the dog.

"This, Doctor," said Chee-Chee, "is the pushmi-pullyu—the rarest animal of the African jungles, the only two-headed beast in the world! Take him home with you and your fortune's made. People will pay any money to see him."

"But I don't want any money," said the Doctor.

"Yes, you do," said Dab-Dab, the duck. "Don't you remember how we had to pinch and scrape to pay the butcher's bill in Puddleby? And how are you going to get the sailor the new boat you spoke of—unless we have the money to buy it?"

"I was going to make him one," said the Doctor.

"Oh, do be sensible!" cried Dab-Dab. "Where would you get all the wood and the nails to make one with?—And besides, what are we going to live on? We shall be poorer than ever when we get back. Chee-Chee's perfectly right: take the funny-looking thing along, do!"

"Well, perhaps there is something in what you say," murmured the Doctor. "It certainly would make a nice new kind of pet. But does the er—what-do-you-call-it really want to go abroad?"

"Yes, I'll go," said the pushmi-pullyu who saw at once, from the Doctor's face, that he was a man to be trusted. "You have been so kind to the animals here—and the monkeys tell me that I am the only one who will do. But you must promise me that if I do not like it in the Land of the White Men you will send me back."

"Why, certainly—of course, of course," said the Doctor. "Excuse me, surely you are related to the Deer Family, are you not?"

"Yes," said the pushmi-pullyu—"to the Abyssinian Gazelles and the Asiatic Chamois—on my mother's side. My father's great-grandfather was the last of the Unicorns."

"Most interesting!" murmured the Doctor; and he took a book out of the trunk which Dab-Dab was packing and began turning the pages. "Let us see if Buffon says anything—"

"I notice," said the duck, "that you only talk with one of your mouths. Can't the other head talk as well?"





"Oh, yes," said the pushmi-pullyu. "But I keep the other mouth for eating—mostly. In that way I can talk while I am eating without being rude. Our people have always been very polite."

When the packing was finished and everything was ready to start, the monkeys gave a grand party for the Doctor, and all the animals of the jungle came. And they had pineapples and mangoes and honey and all sorts of good things to eat and drink.

After they had all finished eating, the Doctor got up and said:

"My friends: I am not clever at speaking long words after dinner, like some men; and I have just eaten many fruits and much honey. But I wish to tell you that I am very sad at leaving your beautiful country. Because I have things to do in the Land of the White Men, I must go. After I have gone, remember never to let the flies settle on your food before you eat it;

and do not sleep on the ground when the rains are coming. I—er—er—I hope you will all live happily ever after."

When the Doctor stopped speaking and sat down, all the monkeys clapped their hands a long time and said to one another, "Let it be remembered always among our people that he sat and ate with us, here, under the trees. For surely he is the Greatest of Men!"

And the Grand Gorilla, who had the strength of seven horses in his hairy arms, rolled a great rock up to the head of the table and said:

"This stone for all time shall mark the spot."

And even to this day, in the heart of the jungle, that stone still is there. And monkey-mothers passing through the forest with their families, still point down at it from the branches and whisper to their children, "Sh! There it is—look—where the Good White Man sat and ate food with us in the Year of the Great Sickness!"

Then, when the party was over, the Doctor and his pets started out to go back to the seashore. And all the monkeys went with him as far as the edge of their country, carrying his trunk and bags, to see him off.





THE PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE

HO, FOR the Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee!
He was as wicked as wicked could be,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat,
But he had a floppety plume on his hat;
And when he went walking it jiggled—like that!
The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut with a slash,
And often as ever he twirled his mustache;
Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash,
Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.



By permission of the author.



Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo,
And stuck in his belt where he buckled it through
Were a dagger, a dirk, and a squizzamaroo,
For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was he would shoot at a puff
And always at sea when the weather grew rough
He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh,
And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye,
And a zigzaggy scar at the end of his eye
Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold,
A curious chest that was covered with mould,
And all of his pockets were jingly with gold!
Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was crooked like a squash
But both of his boots made a slickery slosh,
And he went through the world with a wonderful swash,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

It's true he was wicked as wicked could be,
His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see,
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

STORY OF MOTHER MICHEL AND HER CAT

EMILE DE LA BEDOLLIERE

THERE lived in Paris, in the time of King Louis XV, an old countess named Yolande de la Grenouillière, who was both wealthy and charitable. Her husband, Jérémie, Count of Grenouillière, had fallen gloriously at the battle of Fontenoy, on May 11, 1745. The noble widow long mourned for him, and even now often wept for him. Left without children, she developed a passion for animals. But, sad to relate, one after another her pets died, until she finally declared, "I do not want any more animals; the air of my house is death to them!"

She had ended by believing her home fatal to her pets.

One day, as she was leaving the church, she saw a crowd of boys laughing, crowding, and jostling one another. When she stepped into her carriage she could look over the crowd, and saw that the little wretches had a miserable cat, to whose tail they had tied a saucepan. The poor cat had evidently been running a long time and seemed overcome by fatigue. His tormentors gathered in a circle about him and began to pelt him with stones, but the poor animal, recognizing that he was surrounded by none but enemies, bowed his head and bore his sad fate with the heroism of a Roman senator. Several stones had already hit him, when Madame de la Grenouillière, moved by deep compassion, stepped from her carriage and, pushing aside the crowd, cried, "I will give a louis to whoever will go to the aid of that poor, miserable animal."

Translated from the French and abridged by Renée B. Stern.



These words had a magical effect; they changed the persecutors into liberators. The cat was almost suffocated by those who wished to rescue him safe and sound. Finally a young Hercules overthrew his rivals and presented the half-dead cat to the countess. She paid the promised reward, had the saucepan untied, and then inspected the cat.

Its gray striped coat was barely visible through a mass of mud, and the cat was so thin as to be nearly transparent, so shrunken that one could count his ribs, so dispirited that a mouse might have beaten him. He had but one thing in his favor and that was the intelligence of his face.

"Dear me, how homely he is," said Madame de la Grenouil-

liere with conviction, after having examined him.

But as she stepped into her carriage, the cat fixed his sea-green eyes upon her and gave her a look, strange and indefinable; a look both of gratitude and reproach which seemed to say, "You have obeyed a generous impulse. You saw me weak, suffering, and oppressed and you took pity on me. Now that you have satisfied your benevolence, my homeliness inspires you with contempt! I thought you kind, but you are not kind. If you were really charitable you would continue to interest yourself in me just because I am homely."

Madame de la Grenouilliere was moved to tears, for the cat seemed superhuman—no, it was *superanimal!* She thought that in a previous existence the cat might have been an orator and a man of standing. So she turned to her companion, Mother Michel, who was in the carriage and told her to take the cat and carry him home with them, saying that so long as she lived, the cat was to have a home with them, and that any affection shown the cat would be considered the same as affection shown his mistress.

Madame de la Grenouillière lived in a handsome house, where she led a most retired life, on almost intimate terms with her two chief servants—Madame Michel, her maid and companion, and Monsieur Lustucru, the steward. These persons being quite elderly, the countess spoke of them as Mother Michel and Father Lustucru. Mother Michel was amiable and kindly, but, under his false mask of good nature, the steward was a wily person, of great malice. His wickedness had not yet shown itself, and though he hated animals he pre-

tended, in order to please his mistress, that he adored them.

On seeing Mother Michel carrying the cat in her arms, he muttered to himself, "What, another beast! As if there weren't enough of us in the house already!"

But he pretended to admire the cat and helped bathe him. The poor beast was then given a plate of broken meat that he ate with great relish, while the family arranged the hours for his meals, how his time was to be occupied each day, and the place where he was to sleep. After discussing various names, an old scholar whom they consulted next day, suggested that of *Moumouth,* composed of two Hebrew words meaning "saved from the saucepans."

At the end of a few days, Moumouth was a different cat from the poor stray, for his fur was shiny, good food had filled out his body, his whiskers stood up like those of a swordsman of the seventeenth century, his eyes shone like emeralds; he was a living example of good living making the race better. He owed his condition largely to Mother Michel, for whom he showed great affection. On the other hand he showed the greatest dislike for Father Lustucru and refused to accept anything presented by the steward. However, they saw each other but seldom.

So everything went well until January 24, 1753, when a sadness was noticed in Moumouth, as if he felt some coming sorrow. That night a messenger brought a letter to the Countess from her younger sister who had been hurt in getting out of her carriage. The Countess felt it her duty to go at once, and as her sister did not like cats, Moumouth had to

be left behind. He was confided to the care of Mother Michel, to whom the Countess promised a pension for life if the cat was well cared for.

"Ah, madame!" said Mother Michel, "It is not necessary to hire my services, for I love your cat with all my heart and I will always be devoted to him."

"I am sure of that and I know also how to reward your zeal," answered the Countess. During this conversation, Father Lustucru had hard work to conceal his jealousy, for the Countess had refused his offer of care for Moumouth, saying the cat did not like him.

When the traveling carriage came, the Countess pressed her favorite to her heart in final farewell. Until this time, Moumouth had been only vaguely uneasy, but now, understanding all, he made one bound to her side in the carriage.

"It is necessary for you to stay home," said Madame de la Grenouilliere, trying to keep back her tears.

Would you believe it, the cat also cried, and, to put an end to this painful scene, Mother Michel had to detach him from the carriage cushion to which he clung, and she lifted him out as the carriage departed. Moumouth then fainted.

Madame de la Grenouilliere leaned from the window, calling, "Mother Michel, I leave my cat in your care!"

"Be calm, madame, I promise you will find him large and fat when you get back!" cried Mother Michel.

"And I," muttered Father Lustucru in a deep voice, "I swear he shall be dead!"

Mother Michel took good care of Moumouth, so that he

grew to be one of the best looking cats in his section of Paris. Once, when he seemed a little under the weather, she even read *The History of Cats* by François-Auguste Paradis de Moncrif, a member of the French Academy.

But Father Lustucru saw with dread the prosperity of Moumouth, and he dreamed day and night how to get rid of the cat so Mother Michel should not get her reward.

One night, when Moumouth was asleep near the fire at the feet of Mother Michel, Lustucru came into the room.

"Good," thought he, "the cat is asleep. Let me get the guardian out of the room." So he begged Mother Michel to visit the porter who was suffering from rheumatism. She at once went to see what she could do for the poor man.

"Now for us two!" cried Father Lustucru. He went stealthily into an adjoining room, took out a covered basket that he had hidden there, then returned and seized Moumouth. The unfortunate animal awoke with a start to find himself held in the air, face to face with his enemy. Before he could cry out, the steward had put him in the basket, clapped down the cover, and run down stairs and outdoors.

Slipping around the edge of the garden, hidden by shadows, he gained the gate and ran to a bridge over the River Seine. Leaning over the parapet, he pushed aside the lid and turned the basket upside down. With a cry that sounded like a human voice, Moumouth fell downward and was lost in the icy waters.

The assassin shuddered, but after a moment he called down, "Pleasant voyage to you, dear Moumouth. May you arrive safely. By the way," he added to himself, "I think cats know

how to swim; that beast is capable of getting himself out of the water. But it is a long way from the river to our home."

Reassured by this thought, Father Lustucru crept home, slipped into the house and upstairs to bed.

Meantime, Mother Michel, having stayed some time with the porter, went upstairs to give the cat the saucer of milk and sugar that she fed him every night; but no Moumouth was to be seen. She looked behind the sofa cushions, under the sofa, and searched the rest of the room, and then ran to the stairs, calling him.

"He does not answer me," she said, "but when I went downstairs, Lustucru was here, so maybe he can tell me what has become of him."

She knocked at the steward's door. He pretended to rouse himself from a deep sleep, and asked gruffly what was wanted.

"Isn't Moumouth with you?"

"Does your cat ever come where I am? You know he cannot bear me."

"Alas, where is he? I left him in the living room, near the fire, and now I cannot find him anywhere."

"Can he be lost?" asked Father Lustucru, pretending great anxiety.

"Lost? Oh no, it is impossible! He must be in some corner of the house!"

"We must hunt for him," declared the villain gravely. "He should be searched for at once. Moumouth is a precious animal, and well merits that the servants all be awakened to hunt for him."

All the servants were soon up and, armed with candles, searched the house from cellar to attic, from the courtyard to the garden. Lustucru directed the search, while Mother Michel, worn with emotion, threw herself into a chair, moaning that she had left Moumouth but an instant, and for the purpose of doing a good action.

"I begin to believe that your cat is really lost," remarked Lustucru severely. "It is a great misfortune for you. What will Madame de la Grenouillière say when she comes back? She may even turn you out of doors!"

"Turn me out of doors," cried Mother Michel, suddenly drawing herself to her full height; then she sunk down again, her face grew pale, her eyes closed, and she fell back in a faint.

Lustucru watched her, dry-eyed and without the least remorse. He even laughed, the infamous man!

We lost sight of Moumouth when, thrown from the bridge, he fell into the icy waters. Luckily for him the piles of the principal arch of the bridge had a wide ledge on which he was able to climb. From this place he could look around him, and he saw the Seine, like a great ocean, far beyond his strength to cross. It seemed better to stay where he was, even at the risk of starving or freezing, than to try to reach the distant shores. He mewed at first, but soon decided it was foolish to tire his lungs, so he settled down to wait his end with resignation.

About five o'clock in the morning two gentlemen fishermen from the Island of Saint Louis came to cast their lines over the bridge. As soon as the two fishing lines descended Moumouth saw a means of escape and caught at them with his claws. The

fishermen cried with one voice, "A bite! A bite!" and hurried to pull in their lines.

"I wager I have caught a barbel," one cried, while the other had scarcely answered, "I must have a large carp," when Moumouth jumped over the parapet.

"Treason!" cried both fishermen, and set off in pursuit of the quadruped that had so miraculously come from the waters; but Moumouth ran faster than they and so escaped. As soon as he was alone, he took breath, and began to look about for his home. Not seeing it and needing to find shelter, he made his way into the basement of a baker's shop, hid behind a pile of bread baskets, and went to sleep.

He was awakened by hunger.

Moumouth was born of poor parents who had abandoned him in his youth, so he was brought up in the streets and was skillful in the art of catching rats and mice—a useful art too often neglected by cats belonging to wealthy families. He soon surprised a mouse that had come out of its hole to steal some flour, and the baker's boy saw him catch the mouse.

Unfortunately the baker was glad to have a mouse-catcher, so he shut Moumouth into the bakery, and only by jumping on the baker-boy's shoulder and thence out a high window, did he make his escape. Once on the street a new danger met him, for a big bulldog faced him. He managed to run under the dog and get away but the dog followed him and was soon joined by other dogs, until poor Moumouth headed quite a line of running animals. Suddenly he saw a wall ahead and made for it, climbing out of danger just in time to save himself.

It was now late morning and Mother Michel, after a sleepless night was again searching for him, and at last went to the garret where Lustucru told her he had dreamed the cat was hiding. And there, back of a pile of wood, was Moumouth, who had leaped from the wall to a low roof and found his way home. Mother Michel thanked Lustucru for guiding her to Moumouth's hiding place, but the wicked man could not look the cat in the face.

We have not space to tell the many ways Lustucru took to get rid of Moumouth. He offered him poisoned meat, but Moumouth went hungry rather than eat it. When Moumouth slept at the foot of a statue, Lustucru pushed the heavy marble over and Moumouth waked just in time to escape by the length of a whisker. Finally, he took a poor boy into his service. Now Faribole had never before had clothes enough to cover him, nor food enough to stop his hunger, and earned what little he had by working for a fortune-teller, Madame Bradamos. Yet when Lustucru told him he must get rid of Moumouth by beating him to death in a bag, Faribole at first refused to do so, for he had learned to love Moumouth, and the cat was fond of him. But at last Lustucru forced the boy to promise his help, and Moumouth was caught, put in the bag, and carried to the garden.

Just at that moment Mother Michel, who had been out walking, came hurrying into the garden, calling out that she had seen in the distance the carriage of Madame de la Grenouillière. Leaving the bag containing the cat in Faribole's hands with strict orders to carry out the poor animal's death sentence, Lustucru went to meet his mistress.



Hardly had the Countess alighted when she called for Moumouth, who had been in her thoughts during all the days of her absence. But no Moumouth could be found. They searched and searched but still no Moumouth in sight. Meantime in the garden Faribole whispered to Lustucru, "I pounded until the cat ceased to move."

"What did you do with the body?" Lustucru asked, and Faribole made answer, "I have thrown it into the Seine."

"Well," said Lustucru, "the sack was securely fastened, and justice is done."

Quite different was the feeling of Mother Michel. She was so heartbroken that even the Countess tried to comfort her. But Mother Michel felt sure Moumouth was alive, and at last she went to see Faribole's old employer, Madame Bradamor, hoping the fortune-teller could give her news of Moumouth.

Madame Bradamor took out a dirty pack of cards, after getting a fee of three crowns from Mother Michel, and began to tell what the cards said to her, pretending that they told her that Moumouth was dead. But no sooner had she said this, than there was a crash of glass, and Moumouth himself jumped through a high window that was between the fortune-teller's room and a closet.

"My cat was with you!" cried Mother Michel, holding Moumouth close. "You have stolen him! My mistress is powerful! She is the Countess Yolande de la Grenouillière, and she will have you punished as you deserve to be."

But the fortune-teller begged for mercy, saying that Faribole had brought her the cat. Mother Michel, hardly stopping to listen, ran home with Moumouth and carried him to the Countess, who cried with joy. Lustucru, frightened at the way Moumouth always escaped, murmured, "I am lost! Moumouth is going to denounce me!"

As soon as she had recovered, the Countess ordered Faribole brought before her. Lustucru tried to leave the room to warn Faribole but the Countess ordered him to stay, that he might turn out the boy whom he had been the first to admit to the house. But Faribole did not wait to be accused by the Countess. He confessed that he had entered her service in order to steal Moumouth for the fortune-teller, who wanted him, but because he had grown to love Moumouth and because he had been so well treated, he had abandoned his plan, until Lustucru tried to force him to kill Moumouth. But he would not have been believed, had not Mother Michel most fortunately found the

plate of hash that Moumouth, weeks before, had refused to eat. Beside it lay several dead rats. The hash was sent to a celebrated chemist who reported that it contained a great quantity of poison. Then, too, the story of the two fishermen who threw their lines into the water and had caught a cat was talked about among the river boatmen. Faribole heard the story from them, and discovered a person who had seen Lustucru throw Moumouth from the bridge into the Seine.

His wickedness discovered, Lustucru did not wait to be discharged but fled to an ocean vessel just starting for Oceanica. It was afterwards learned that the ship had been wrecked, and was later reported that as he reached his end he was heard to murmur the name of Moumouth. Was it remorse or hatred that brought his name to the lips of the guilty man? This is what history has neglected to tell us.

But Moumouth lived happily, and when the Countess was no more, he went with Mother Michel to a pretty cottage in the country. All who knew him loved him, and Faribole, who after some years in the army came to live near Mother Michel, was one of his favorites. Most important people came to see him, and even the King himself dropped in for a moment on Moumouth.

A grand lady of the court chose a companion for him, a pretty little cat, and they had many children. When he finally died, his weeping children and grandchildren stood about him, and Mother Michel had him placed in a white marble tomb with a Latin inscription on it that was especially written for him by a learned professor of the University of Paris.



KING LAURIN'S ROSE GARDEN

CARL FELIX WOLFF

TO THE east of Bozen rises a strange uneven mass of mountains, called the Rosengarten because on clear evenings the Alpine glow is reflected there so vividly that you might think a rose-red flood had poured down over the barren rocks.

But the people who live within sight of the Rosengarten tell

From *The Pale Mountains: Folk Tales from the Dolomites*, by Carl Felix Wolff. Authorized English translation by Francesca La Monte. Courtesy of Minton, Balch & Company, New York, publishers.

the following legend as they gather about the fireside:

In ancient times there grew on the high mountains east of Bozen a real rose garden, so filled with flowers that in the sunlight it seemed a soft rose-colored mass. This garden kingdom belonged to the dwarf king, Laurin, who lived there with his people. Deep within the mountains Laurin had many secret rooms and storehouses full of glittering jewels and gold, and to protect his kingdom and this treasure he had, instead of a wall or a moat, a silken thread. This was drawn around the rose garden. And whoever crossed it must fight the king. He was only a dwarf, but he was skillful in the use of magic arms.

Laurin, returning one day from a distant country, brought back with him to the rose garden the lovely Princess Similde. He wished to make her his queen, but Similde, who had come against her will, would listen neither to entreaties nor threats, and in a short time her brother, discovering where she was, came to set her free, bringing with him Dietrich of Bern and several other warriors.

When they suddenly beheld the Rosengarten, they halted, overcome by its beauty. All but one, the ferocious Witege, who rushed forward and, cutting the silken barrier, opened the battle.

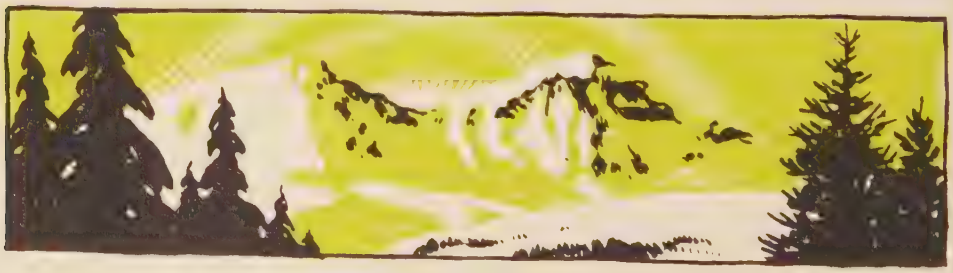
The warriors had counted on an easy victory, but Laurin exerted all the power of his magic weapons and combined with it the aid of five giants. Nevertheless, the warriors conquered. Laurin was taken captive and carried to Bozen, where they planned to make him court buffoon.

Laurin was silent and uncomplaining. At last a day came

when he was left unguarded. He fled from the court, quickly reached the outskirts of Bozen, and began the perilous journey back to his mountains. As his eyes clung to the vivid light of the distant Rosengarten, he suddenly realized that the glow was a curse to him, for its light could be seen from the depths of the lowest valleys; everyone marveled at it, and everyone sought, and often found, the source. The dwarf king determined to make his kingdom invisible. It should no longer be observed from the valleys. When people could not see it, they would lose their desire to visit it.

So he laid a magic spell on the Rosengarten, a spell making it invisible in daytime and at night. But Laurin had forgotten the twilight, which is neither day nor night. And in the twilight of every clear evening, the flowers of the Rosengarten spread their soft rosy curtain over the mysterious high spires of rock, and their warm radiance dominates the mountains and valleys, as it did in the old days before dwarfs and men were enemies.

Today we call this light the Alpine glow, and when it spreads over the peaks of the Rosengarten, the people in the valley come out to gaze in wonder. But they know nothing of that older time when men were kinder and the world more beautiful.





THE ERMINE AND THE HUNTER

Cyrus Macmillan

FAR away in the Canadian North Country an old man lived with his wife and children. They lived far from other people, but they were never lonely, for they had much work to do. The old man was a great hunter, and in summer he and his wife and children lived on the fish and game he captured in the winter. In the springtime he gathered sap from the maple trees, from which he made maple syrup and maple sugar with which to sweeten their food. One day in summer he found three small bears eating his stock of sugar. When he came upon them, his sugar was all gone, and he was very cross. With a stout club he killed the little bears and skinned them and dried their meat. But his wife said, "No good can come of it. You should not

From *Canadian Fairy Tales*. Used by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., New York.

have killed the three little bears, for they were too young for slaughter."

The next day the old Bear came along, looking for his lost children. When he saw their skins hanging up to dry he knew that they had been killed by the hunter. He was very sad and angry, and he called to the hunter, "You have killed my little motherless cubs, and in return for that wickedness, some night when you are off your guard I will kill your children, and then I will kill you and your wife, and I will devour all your food." The old man shot at him with his arrows, but the arrows did not harm him, for he was a Brown Bear of the Stony Heart, and he could not be killed by man. For many nights and days the old man tried to trap him, but he met with no success. And each day he saw his store of food growing smaller, for Bear of the Stony Heart stole it always in the night. And he thought, "We shall all surely starve before the winter comes, and game is plentiful again."

One day in despair he resolved to look about him for someone who would tell him how to kill the Bear. He went to the bank of the river and sat there in thought and smoked long at his pipe. And he called to the God of the River and said, "Oh, River-God, help me to drown Bear when he comes to fish." The river came from the Lime Stone country far back among the rocks, and it was flowing rapidly to the sea. And the River-God said, "My water cannot tarry. There are millions of oysters down on the ocean shore waiting for shells, and I am hurrying down there with the lime to make them," and he rushed quickly past on his mission.

Then the old man called to the Spirit of the Wind, and he said, "Oh, Spirit of the Wind, stay here with me tonight and help me to kill Bear of the Stony Heart. You can knock down great trees upon his back and crush him to the earth." But the Wind Spirit said, "I cannot linger. Many ships with rich cargoes lie silent on the ocean waiting to sail, and I must hurry along with the force to drive them." And like the River-God he hastened on his way.

Then the old man called to Storm Cloud, which was just then passing over his head, and he said, "Oh, Spirit of the Storm Cloud, stay here with me tonight and help me to kill Bear of the Stony Heart, for he seeks to destroy my children. You can send lightning and thunder to strike him dead." But the Storm Cloud said, "I cannot loiter on the way. Far from here there are millions of blades of corn and grass dying from thirst in the summer heat, for I see the heat waves rising on the earth, and I am hurrying there with rain to save them." And like the River-God and the Wind Spirit he hurried along on his business. The poor old man was in great sorrow, for it seemed that no one would help him to rid the land of Bear of the Stony Heart.

As he sat wondering what he should do, an old woman came along. She said, "I am very hungry and tired, for I have come far. Will you give me food and let me rest here a while?" And he said, "We have very little food, for Bear of the Stony Heart steals it from us nightly, but you may share with us what little we have." So he went away and brought back to her a good fat meal. While she was eating her dinner he told her of his troubles with Bear, and he said that no one would help him

to get rid of the pest, and that Bear could not be killed by man. And the old woman said, "There is a little animal who can kill Bear of the Stony Heart. He alone can save you. You have done well to me. Here is a wand which I will give you. Go to sleep here, soon, on the bank of the river. Wave this wand before you sleep and say what I shall teach you, and when you awake call to you the first animal you see when you open your eyes. He will be the animal of which I speak, and he will rid you of the Bear." She taught him a little rhyme and gave him a wand which she took from the basket on her arm; then she hobbled away, and the old man knew that she was the weird woman of the Fairy Blue Mountain, of whom he had often heard. He marveled greatly, but he resolved to do as she had told him.

After the old woman had gone, the man waved the little wand three times, and cried:

> Animal, animal, come from your lair,
> Help me to slaughter the old Brown Bear!
> Make with my magic a little white dart,
> To pierce in the centre old Bear's Stony Heart!

He repeated the rhyme three times. Then he felt himself getting drowsy, and sleep soon came upon him. He slept but a short time when the heat woke him up, for the hot sun beat down upon him. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Watching him from behind a tree was a little animal with a shaggy brown coat. The old man thought to himself, "Surely the weird fairy woman of the Blue Mountain has played a trick on me. That scraggy little animal with the dirty coat cannot



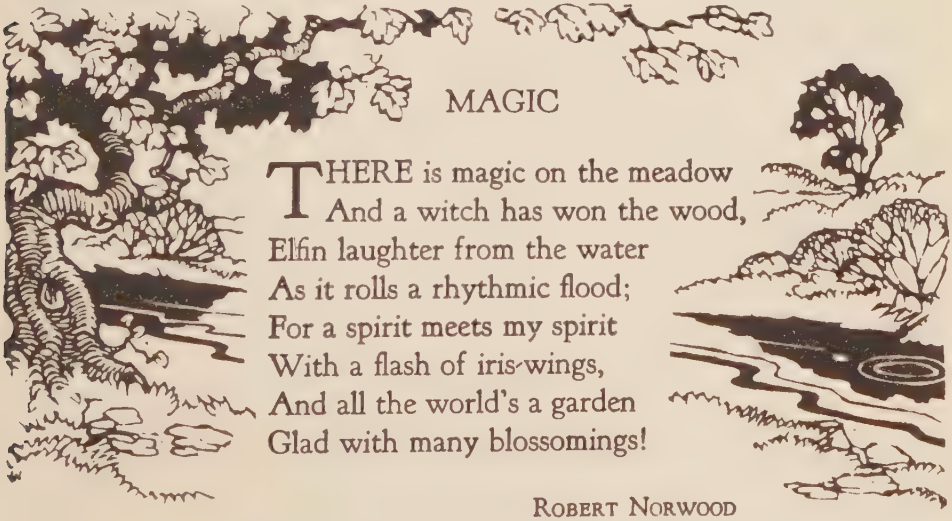
kill the Bear." But he resolved to test her word. He repeated his rhyme again, and the little animal came quickly toward him.

"Who are you?" said the man. "I am Ermine," said the little animal. "Are you the animal of which the fairy woman of the Blue Hills has told me?" asked the man. "I am indeed the same," said Ermine. "I have been sent to you to kill the Bear, and here I have the little darts made powerful because of your magic wand." He pointed to his mouth and showed the old man his sharp white teeth. "So now to your task," said the old man in high spirits. "Oh, not so fast," said Ermine, "you must first pay me for my work." "What can I do for you?" asked the man. "I am ashamed of my dirty brown coat, which I have

worn for a long time," said the animal; "you have great magic from the wand you received from the fairy woman of the Blue Hills. I want a sleek and shining white coat that I can wear always, for I want to be clean." The man waved his wand again and wished for what the animal had asked him, and at once the shaggy brown coat of Ermine was replaced by a sleek and shining white coat as spotless as the new snow in winter. Then the animal said, "I have one more condition to impose on you. You must promise never to kill a bear's young cubs when they are still following their mother in the summer time. You must give them a chance to grow strong, so that they may be able to fight for their own lives." And the man promised, placing his hand upon the wand to bind his oath. Then when he looked again, the wand had vanished from his hand. It had gone back through the air to the fairy woman of the Blue Hills.

Then Ermine set out on his search for Bear. The afternoon was very hot, and the forest was still, and not a leaf or a blade of grass was stirring, and there was not a ripple on the stream. The whole world was drowsy in the dry summer heat. But Ermine did not feel the heat, he was in such high spirits because of his new white coat. Soon he came upon Bear, stretched out at full length on the bank of the river, taking his afternoon nap, as was his custom after his fat midday meal. He was lying on his back, and his mouth was wide open, and he was snoring loudly like a waterfall. "This is your last sleep," said Ermine, creeping softly to his side, "for you are a dangerous thief; you shall snore no more." And with a bound he jumped down Bear's throat, and in an instant had pierced with his teeth his

strong stony heart, which the arrows of the Indians could never reach. Then as quickly as he had entered the Bear's mouth Ermine jumped out again and ran from the place. Bear snored no more; he was quite dead, and the land was rid of his thefts and terrors. Then Ermine went back to the old man and told him that the deed was done; and that night was a great feast night in the old man's home. And since that time Ermine in the North Country has worn a sleek white coat as spotless as the new snow in winter. And to this day the hunters in the far north will not kill, if they can avoid it, the young Bear cubs while they are still following their mothers through the forest. They give them a chance to grow up and grow strong, so that they may be able to fight for their own lives, as the fairy woman of the Blue Hills had asked.



MAGIC

THERE is magic on the meadow
And a witch has won the wood,
Elfin laughter from the water
As it rolls a rhythmic flood;
For a spirit meets my spirit
With a flash of iris-wings,
And all the world's a garden
Glad with many blossomings!

ROBERT NORWOOD

From *The Piper and the Reed*. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Limited. Copyright 1917, George H. Doran Company, Garden City, N. Y.



THE MOON PERSON

KATHARINE B. JUDSON

IN OLDEN days, the Moon Person used to make visits to the Indians. One day a child put out a dirty little hand and made a black spot on Moon Person. Therefore Moon felt ashamed, and when night came he disappeared. He went up above. He stays up above all the time now, so they say. Sometimes he is dressed altogether in a shining robe, and therefore he is bright at night. But immediately afterwards he disappears. You can still see the black spot, so they say.

From *Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes*, by Katharine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.



HOW KAHUKURA LEARNED TO MAKE NETS

A Maori Tale from New Zealand

ONCE upon a time there lived a man named Kahukura. One evening, when he was on his way to a distant village, he came to a lonely spot on the seashore. As he was walking slowly along, he saw a large pile of the heads and tails of fishes

From *The Book of Elves and Fairies*, edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

lying on the beach. Now, in those days men had no nets and were obliged to catch fish with spears and hooks; and when Kahukura saw the pile he was very much astonished.

"Who has had such luck!" he exclaimed. "It is hard to catch one fish! Here must be the heads and tails of a thousand!"

Then he looked closely at the footprints in the sand. "No mortals have been fishing here!" he cried. "Fairies must have done this! I will watch tonight and see what they do."

So when darkness came, he returned to the spot, and hid behind a rock. He waited a long time, and at last he saw a fleet of tiny canoes come spinning over the waves. They ranged themselves in a line at a distance from the shore, and Kahukura could see many little figures in them bending and pulling. He could even hear small voices shouting: "The net here! The net there!" Then the little figures dropped something overboard, and began to haul it toward the shore, singing very sweetly the while.

When the canoes drew near land, Kahukura saw that each was crowded with fairies. They all sprang out upon the beach, and began to drag ashore a great net filled with fishes.

While the fairies were struggling with the net, Kahukura joined them, and hauled away at a rope. He was a very fair man, so that his skin seemed almost as white as the fairies', and they did not notice him. So he pulled away, and pulled away, and soon the net was landed.

The fairies ran forward to divide the catch. It was just at the peep of dawn, and they hurried to take all the fish they could carry, each fairy stringing his share by running a twig through

the gills. And as they strung the fish they kept calling out to one another:

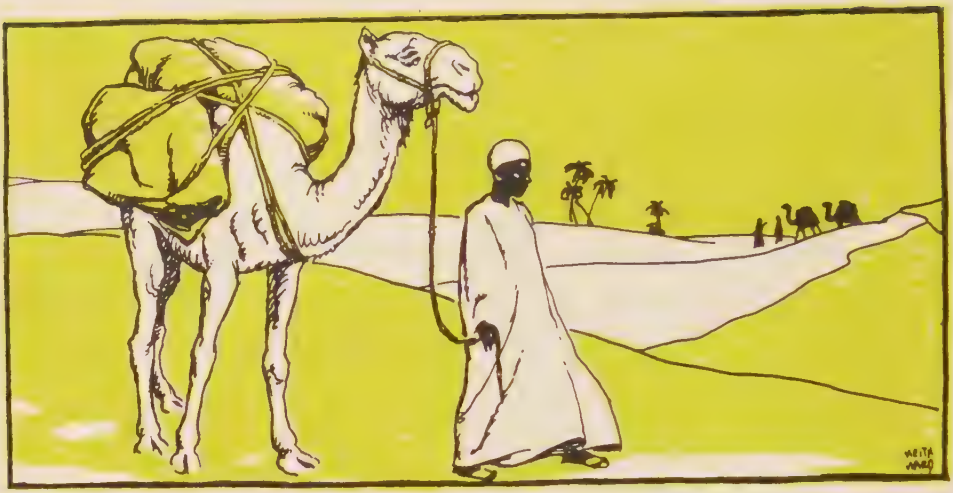
"Hurry! hurry! We must finish before the sun rises."

Kahukura had a short string with a knot in the end, and he strung his share on it, until it was filled. But when he lifted the string the knot gave way, and all the fish slid to the ground. Then some of the fairies ran forward to help him, and tied the knot. Again he filled the string and all the fish slid off, and again the fairies tied the knot.

Meanwhile day began to break over the sea, and the sun to rise. Then the fairies saw Kahukura's face, and knew that he was a man. They gave little cries of terror. They ran this way and that in confusion. They left their fish and canoes, they abandoned their net. And shrieking, they all vanished over the sea.

Kahukura, seeing that he was alone, made haste to examine the canoes. They were only the stems of flax! He lifted the net. It was woven of rushes curiously tied. He carried it home, and made some like it for his neighbors. After that he taught his children how to weave nets. And so, say the Maori folk, they all learned to make nets. And from that day to this they have caught many fish.





THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

CANARY birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chicken and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About *my* digestion—
Anything does for me!



Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

From *The Admiral's Caravan*. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

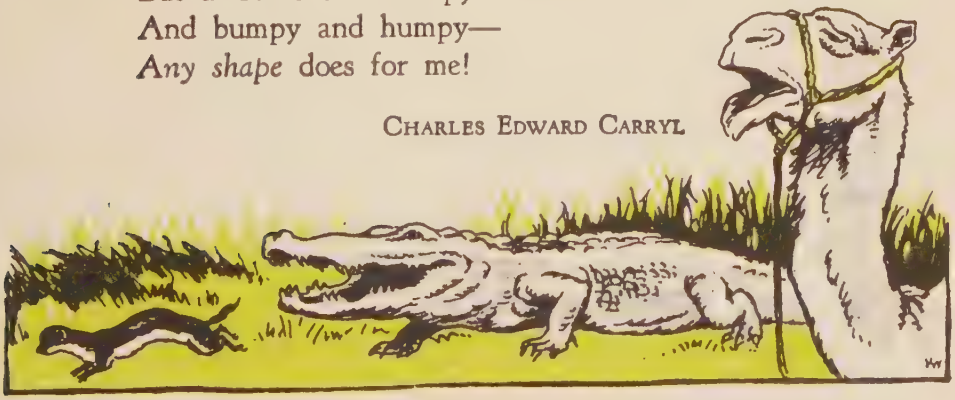
Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me!



People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL



KABOUTERMANNEKEN TO THE RESCUE

A Dutch Legend

IN THE south of Brabant, somewhere in the vicinity of Groot-Zundert, there once lived a young peasant who was famed for the wonderful tulips he raised on his few acres. Unfortunately, the acres were rented, and not his own property, and his savings grew slowly because each year he bought finer and finer bulbs. Also unfortunately, his eyes lit upon the fair Trude, only daughter of the richest and stingiest landholder of the district, and at once the lad fell head over ears in love. The maiden, on her part, found the young tulip-gardener so much to her taste that she was ready to marry him, debts and all.

At last the youth gathered together his courage and approached the father of Trude with a request for her hand. But the old man, proud and overbearing, considered the youth too poor, and answered, "I'll not deny you are making a reputation as a grower of fine tulips, but my daughter cannot live on that. When you can show me a thousand guilders, you may begin to think of getting my consent."

This was a heavy blow to the young man, for he knew that he had but two hundred guilders, although he went straight home and counted them again to be sure he had not missed

Retold from *Northern Mythology*, by Benjamin Thorpe.



any. Sadly he wandered out into his fields and sadly he looked upon the rows and rows of glowing color, for it was May and his fields were aflame with brilliant blossoms. As he wandered along, lost in his sad thoughts, on a sudden a Kaboutermanneken appeared at his side and asked the cause of his sorrow. The little man seemed so friendly that, scarce realizing what he was doing, the youth told his trouble and the hopelessness of it.

Instead of being sympathetic, the little man laughed, and said, "You need only a thousand guilders? Truly, that is not much

to come by. Haven't you some friend who owes you a favor?"

"Yes," answered the youth, "several owe me favors, but none would give me a thousand guilders, I am sure, for that is much money."

Again the little man laughed. "Nay, be not so cast down. The matter can be easily managed. You may not know all those who feel indebted to you for this beautiful garden which makes gay a place once ugly and unpleasant for those who lived in the neighborhood. My advice is that you go home and count your money again and let me know just how much it falls short."

"That I can tell without counting," replied the youth. "There are just eight hundred guilders lacking."

"Nevertheless, I advise you to count it," the little man urged.

So, because he had nothing else that seemed worth doing, the youth went home and counted his money again. And behold! when he reached two hundred, there was still a great pile of guilders to be counted, and so he went on to three hundred, and four hundred, and on and on, until he counted the full thousand!

No sooner had he finished counting than he rushed again to his tulip acres and called and called again to the Kabouterman-neken, wanting to thank him for the gift. But nowhere could he find the little man. So at last he ran home again, gathered up his gold and bore it to the father of the fair Trude. Within a week the wedding took place and though nobody else saw him, the youth was quite sure that as he and his bride came from the church, a little man peeped out from behind a tall rosebush and waved "good luck" to them.



THE BOYS' FESTIVAL IN JAPAN



FREDERICK STARR

YOU remember there are five great festivals a year in Japan. They come on the first day of the first month, the third of the third month, the fifth of the fifth month, the seventh of the seventh month, and the ninth of the ninth month. New Year's day has gone; the girls' festival on March third is past; we are now ready for the boys' festival on the fifth day of the fifth month.

Just as the dolls' festival for the girls is not just play, so the boys' festival is not only a day of sport and amusement. It, too, has its toys and its dolls, but the dolls and toys are not really meant to be played with. They are to be looked at and thought about. They are intended to remind the boys of great deeds of the past and to inspire them to great deeds in the future. The boys' festival is intended to make a boy true and honest. The boy's father and mother want him to grow up to be a loyal Japanese with high ideals and noble desires. So they take much trouble to have the fifth day of the fifth month every year so happy that he will wait anxiously for it to come and will remember it with joy.

What a curious sight you would see on the morning of that day in Japan! At almost every house there is a long pole. Indeed, we will have to call it a fish pole, for from every pole there are fishes hanging. They are fishes of all sizes and colors. Some of them are made of paper, some of cloth. There are little

By permission of the author.



fishes only a foot or so long and there are big ones, measuring six or eight feet. All are hollow, and when the wind blows into them they swell up and float in the air and look as if they were alive and swimming. While these queer fish are of different sizes and colors, they are all of one kind. They are all carp. Some of the poles have only one fish; some have two or three; a few have as many as five or six. When there are several fish on one pole, they are usually of different sizes—little fish, middle-sized fish, big fish. What does it all mean?

At all the houses where there are these poles with floating fish, there are boys in the family. Where there is only one boy, there is one fish to the pole. If there are five or six fish dangling from the pole, there are five or six boys in the family—one fish for every boy. They want the boys to be brave and strong and to do their best in the world. That is why the fish are carp. The Japanese say the carp swims upstream; he loves to struggle against the current. So they want the boys to struggle bravely against difficulties. Like the carp, they must overcome obstacles and make their way against opposition.

In most Japanese towns there are public bathhouses. On the day of the boys' festival the boys go to take an early bath. On other days there are no iris leaves in the water. On this day there are. You know the iris leaf. It is flat and long and narrow, with a point at the end and smooth sides. It is really very like a sword. The next time you see one, you will notice this. Children might even play that iris leaves *were* swords, but I fear they would not last long in a battle. The Japanese say that the iris means victory, or success. I suppose this is because the leaf looks like a sword. Anyway the iris leaves, floating in the hot water of his bath, the Japanese think will help make the boy strong, will give him success or victory in life.

When he gets up in the morning, even before he goes out to his bath, the boy hurries to see the strange and pretty and precious things his mother has laid out in honor of his festal day. In the best room of the house there is a *tokonoma*. This is an alcove or recess in one side of the room. It takes up one half the side of the room and its floor is several inches higher than

the floor of the room. At the back of the tokonoma there usually hangs a picture. In front of this there is a little stand upon which a vase of flowers or some beautiful or curious thing is placed. The tokonoma is the place of honor in the room. It is intended for the display of choice things for the admiration of visitors. When the boys' festival comes, the mother takes out whatever may be in the tokonoma and fills it with things for his pleasure. The picture at the back may show Yoshitsune and the faithful Benkei, or the unfortunate Atsumori and Kumagai. In front of this on the stand there may be a doll representing Kusonoki Masashige, a brave and faithful general, or Hideyoshi. At the sides, filling up the tokonoma, there may be other dolls, representing actual heroes, or the make-believe people of the story books, Momotaro and Kintaro. If Momotaro is there, he will have with him his dog and monkey and pheasant, who went with him to seek his fortune and who helped him to fight the demons. There are toys, too—kites with pictures of scowling generals painted on them, and toy swords and spears, and strange toys that he does not understand well and which he never sees at other times.

If the boy had *samurai* (knight) ancestors, things are laid out for him to look at that tell the story of their bravery and famous deeds. Perhaps there is a suit of armor that belonged to his great-grandfather, or fine old swords that have been in battle, or long bows with strange arrows, or a quaint old-fashioned saddle and stirrups. These are family treasures. There are things in the tokonoma which the boy may handle and play with—the kites, the wooden swords, and so on—but the heirlooms are too

precious to be touched. They call up, however, the things he has heard his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother tell a hundred times.

Everything in the display calls up memories. The boy knows the story of every doll in the tokonoma, whether it represents a real person or only a story-boy. The picture of Atsumori and Kumagai tells a story of long ago. Kumagai was a famous warrior who repented of his cruelty to young Atsumori, with whom he had been battling. Filled with sorrow and remorse, Kumagai gave up warfare for the rest of his life.

The great hero of the Japanese boy is Yoshitsune. His doll is almost certain to be in the tokonoma. Benkei will be sure to be with him. Yoshitsune was a brave young knight who met and disarmed the blustering, gigantic Benkei at a bridge in Kyoto. Benkei was filled with admiration and became Yoshitsune's faithful follower and friend.

If the boy belongs to a poor family, Hideyoshi will quite surely be among his dolls. He was the poorest of poor boys. He was homely, too, and was often called "Monkey face." But by his energy and force of character he became the actual ruler of Japan. The development of Japan into a united nation was largely due to him. There was much in the life of Hideyoshi that ought not to be copied, but to every poor boy in Japan he is an example of what can be accomplished against great difficulties.

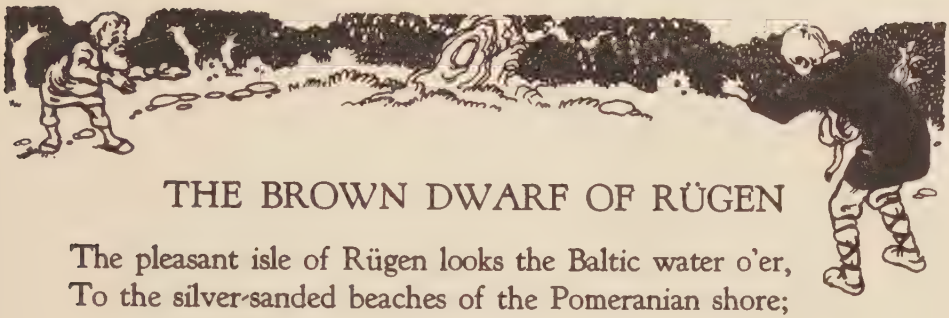
Kumagai and Yoshitsune, Hideyoshi and Masashige were all real men who once lived in Japan. But among the boy's dolls in the tokonoma are some that are mere story-boys. Momotaro

is there, of course; we already know about him. Kintaro is there, also. He is a big, fat, red-faced boy. He is a great favorite. He was found, a little baby, out in the forest, by an old woman named Yama Uba. She took him home with her. He grew rapidly, until he was strong and big. He loved to wrestle with animals—monkey, stag, and bear. His dolls represent him wrestling with a bear or with a great carp. He was so strong that one time he plucked up a great tree by the roots and used it for a bridge over a swollen stream.

Such are the dolls and things that are laid out for the boy to see on the fifth day of May.

The whole day is a festival. At dinner, Mother has some things for him to eat that are special to the day. He had *mochi* cakes wrapped in iris leaves (that he may have success) and in oak leaves (that he may be strong). He has boiled chestnuts, because the same word *kachi* means chestnuts and victory. And, because it is his holiday, they let him drink a little *sake*, but it is not common *sake*. It has chopped iris leaves in it.

When the day ends, he and the neighbor boys have a procession with paper lanterns, and torches, and much noise and fun. Fireworks are set off in their honor and every house in which boys live is brightly lighted. It is the boys' festival and every boy must be content and happy. The floating carp, the morning bath, the display in the tokonoma, the little feast, the toys and play, the signs of joy at night are all meant to remind him that he is a boy and that he must resolve to be a real boy—to succeed, to overcome difficulties, to foster every good cause, to be brave and true.



THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN

The pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water o'er,
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

JOHN DIETRICH, the boy, was the son of Magistrate James Dietrich, or the amtman, as that official was called in those days. The boy's blue-eyed playmate was Elizabeth Krabbin, daughter of the minister of Rambin.

The children spent happy hours playing on the beach and in the meadows which stretched away from the Baltic Sea. This island of Rügen had many queer legends and traditions. It was known as the Isle of Trolls, for in the earth beneath the island lived as many brown-faced little dwarfs as there were human beings on top of the ground.

John and Elizabeth passed many summer days near the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins played at night. Old Klas Starkwort, the shepherd, told them wonderful tales about the brown dwarfs: how they heaped up piles of gold and diamonds for their treasure and how their palaces were built of green jasper, blue lapis, pale opalescent onyx and pearl. Their streets, he said, were paved with rosy almandine and snowy

Adapted from the poem of the same title by John Greenleaf Whittier, and the German fairy tale, *John Dietrich*.

alabaster, and their underground cities shone and glittered like the stars. Old Klas told them, too, of the thin glass shoes the little people wore, and, best of all, about the invisible cap each dwarf owned.

"Could you but once get a cap," Old Klas said, as he shook his head wisely, "the dwarf who owns it would be your servant and would have to do just whatever you said."

"Truly, Klas?" asked John, for the story seemed very wonderful to him. But Elizabeth laughed and pulled him away to help her gather daisies in the meadow. She cared not for the stories, so John went back alone and Old Klas spun yarn after yarn, while the boy listened breathlessly. But Elizabeth strayed farther and farther away, until suddenly she was no longer to be seen. Wildly John hunted for her over all the Nine Hills.

> She came not back; the search for her in field and wood was vain:
>
> They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.

Night fell and still no Elizabeth. Sadly John and Old Klas went back to the town and told her father and mother how she had vanished.

Great was the sorrow of her parents and the townspeople, for the child was much loved. "The dwarfs took her," whispered one, and "Yes, the gnomes have her now underground," said another. John Dietrich heard these whispers and resolved that some day, somehow, he would have his little playmate back, yes, even if he had to go underground after her.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Dietrich said: "I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead."

At ten o'clock on that fifth Midsummer's Eve, John crept out to the Nine Hills and lay on the top of the highest one, which Old Klas had told him was where the dwarfs danced. On the first stroke of midnight there was a ringing and a singing in the hills; whispers ran all around him, and a buzzing as of bees stirred about his head. Still he lay there, with eyes half closed, pretending to sleep. The dwarfs danced merrily in a ring in the moonlight and capered around joyously, but because they were invisible to mortal eyes John could not see them. He could hear them, and felt them as they stumbled over his form, for they paid no more attention to him than if he had been a tree trunk lying there.

Suddenly he felt something fall on his head. It was the cap of one of the dwarfs which the little man had flung into the air in a moment of abandon. At once John found that he could see the little people. Reaching his hand to his head, he clutched the cap tightly. The dwarf whose cap it was came humbly to John and asked to have it back, but John clung to the cap and refused to return it.

The little fellow begged and pleaded, until his howls attracted all the dwarfs, who stopped their play and listened. But while John was still refusing, a cock in a far-away barnyard crew faintly. Instantly in the hillside there appeared a little glass door, which opened silently, and the little people hastened to return underground. The dwarf whose cap John

still held, realized that John was now his master, and pointed out the way for him to go with them underground.

Through long passageways John went with the little people, and he was amazed at the beauty of the walls of the underground tunnel which were studded with diamonds and pearls. Then the narrow trail opened onto a wide place where lay a fairy city, the home of the dwarfs.

> Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the Elfin under-land—
> Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

The brown dwarf led John to one of the palaces, and they went through many beautiful rooms until they came to a large bedroom, which had walls studded with rubies. The bed was a pink pearl, with soft pillows and quilts, and in the ceiling hung a huge diamond that furnished the light. Everything that could be imagined for comfort and luxury was in the room, and soon John sank off to sleep in his soft bed, fanned by the brown dwarf.

In the morning John bathed in a swimming pool lined with emeralds, and put on clothes exquisitely embroidered in lovely colors. There were black shoes with red heels for every day, and a pair of glass shoes for splendid occasions. John ate a breakfast of strange and delicious food served from gold, silver, and crystal dishes, to an accompaniment of soft music. The brown dwarf then showed John around the city. He saw hundreds of the little people at work—making beautiful ornaments of gold and silver; painting pictures far superior to any seen on earth; and skilled workmen building palaces so fast that they



grew steadily while John watched. There were schools, too, and here John went daily of his own accord and learned science, astronomy, the art of verse making, and many other things, until he was a most accomplished young man.

After John had been in the dwarfs city for some months, he attended a big banquet. Boys and girls in white dresses, and glass shoes so thin their steps were not heard, waited on the dwarfs. These were the children whom the little people had spirited away from earth and made their servants. They each

had to serve fifty years before they were allowed to return above ground. But they did not grow old in the dwarfs' city. As they were babies or children when they were stolen, they grew until they were twenty years old and remained that age, returning to earth young and handsome.

John watched the white-clad servants and knew that he, too, might even now be waiting on the dwarfs had he not possessed the invisible cap. Just then a lovely young girl placed food before John and, glancing up at her, he was delighted to recognize his little playmate, Elizabeth Krabbin. She was now sixteen, for she had been underground five years. Joyfully John called her by name and she answered, her eyes lighting up as she recognized him. After that happy reunion, for many days John and Elizabeth wandered through the streets of elf-land and talked of all the things that had happened since she had left the earth, and of the strange things in this new world.

John was quite content in the dwarf kingdom, and now that his little playmate was found he did not wish to leave. But one day he saw in Elizabeth's face a sadness which he had not noticed before.

"Why are you sad, Elizabeth?" John asked. "Your lot here is not unhappy." And indeed the little people treated their captives with the greatest consideration, and by the time their term of service was up they had been trained to be accomplished young people. They learned everything the dwarfs could teach them and went back into the world to become leaders among men.

But Elizabeth wept and would not be comforted.

Oh, let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain!

And Oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea;

And Oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the door,
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more!

Then John felt the same longing to go home. "Let us go at once," he said. But it was not as easy as that. Although John could go when he pleased, the little people were not willing Elizabeth should go with him, and neither threats nor entreaties would move the dwarfs. They refused to let Elizabeth go, and John was at his wits' end, for he would not return to earth without her.

One day as he was idly throwing stones at a tree and wondering what to do, one of the stones broke and out hopped a toad. John jumped up and seized it, for he had suddenly remembered that Old Klas had said the little people hated toads and evil-smelling reptiles of any kind. Back he went to his palace and sent for the chief of the dwarfs. The instant the little man came near John, he knew that he had a toad, and dropping on his knees he begged for mercy. "We will do all you require," he said, and prayed John to go at once and take with him anything he wanted.

So John bade the dwarfs bring three wagons heaped with gold, silver, and precious stones, with a fine coach and six



horses for Elizabeth and himself to ride in. He also took with him all the children the dwarfs had stolen and made the chief of the dwarfs promise solemnly that thereafter they would not keep children underground longer than their twentieth year.

At last all was ready. At one o'clock on Midsummer's Eve, just a year from the night John had entered the hill, the dwarfs led John and Elizabeth, with the boys and girls and wagons of treasure up the hill and through the glass door.

> And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown
> And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.

So anxious were John and Elizabeth to be back in their beloved home that the horses could not go fast enough for them. The summer dawn was streaking the sky with pink and orange as Old Klas, the shepherd, started for the fields with his dog. Suddenly the dog barked as a coach with six prancing horses dashed into view. Gaping after the carriage and the wagons, Klas could scarcely believe his eyes that it was John. Elizabeth he did not recognize.

There was a bustle in the town as they reached it, and the whole village soon turned out to give a royal welcome to this visiting prince, for so they thought John to be.

> And when beneath his door-yard trees the father met his child,
> The bells rang out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

John was later made Count Dietrich, and Elizabeth became a Countess, for they were married and lived happily ever after on the isle of Rügen. They did much good with all the wealth John had obtained from the dwarfs, and you may be sure John did not forget Old Klas.

> The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride and boast,
> Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast.

And for many years you could see the glass shoes which John and Elizabeth wore underground, in the church of Rambin. Unfortunately, at the time of the great Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the Russians came to the isle of Rügen and took away all of value, including the little glass shoes.



"CINCO, YOU RASCAL!"



MARJORIE SHANAFELT

WE CALLED him Cinco because he was only a nickel's worth and baptized him with a drop of red ink. His jacket looked and felt like a well-worn scrubbing brush. His feet were several sizes too large for him. He was too happy to mind when we laughed at him for he was hunting a high spot from which to survey his new home. He saw places that apparently offered good climbing; but for some reason not understood by Cinco, he just could not make any headway. You see, it was his first experience with tiers of sectional-bookcase doors. When he jumped he bumped his nose and slid down to the floor. After many trials he knew something was very wrong. He sat on his haunches and wriggled his nose at the offending doors. When we lifted door after door, like a ladder, he whisked his tail and dashed up to the top, where he found an empty and forgotten chalk box. He greedily grabbed all the tissue paper I threw up to him, stuffing it into his mouth, and gathering it into his arms, trying to walk and getting all tangled up in it, but managing to fall and stumble into the box with it, after all. He stamped it down and patted it, then he tried to crawl under part of it, but the box was so small and the paper so light, that as fast as he shoved under the paper it fell out over the top of the box. Time and again he climbed out and carried it back, only to have it tumble out as before. Completely exhausted he finally went to sleep without a blanket. There being no room

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for his tail, it hung gaily over the box edge to his complete satisfaction and to the delight of visitors.

At lunch time we left him asleep in his box, but when we returned an hour later it was plain that Cinco had grown tired of its confines. Our lovely umbrella plant, so large that it took two people's arms to go around it! Every delicate stem was broken, every lacy top drooped low over the pot or trailed on the table. How busy he had been digging and kicking the dirt in every direction! In his adventuring he had knocked over a bottle of sticky shellac and this was running sluggishly over the scattered dirt. "Cinco, you rascal!" we scolded, but he took it for applause and dashed happily around the dirty table.

The only time Cinco was out of mischief was while he was eating; therefore he waxed fat. He was fond of tomatoes. To see him holding a tomato larger than his own head, the juice running down his chin, made the glummest person laugh aloud. He did not disdain peaches, oranges, or cherries, but mulberries were his choice. He would eat a cupful without moving, then, his paws wet with juice, he was almost certain to leap on somebody's shoulder where he left unconventional patterns. He liked dry bread, especially dry cinnamon rolls. Fresh bread he crumbled up and blew about him like a miniature snowstorm. His drinking cup was the glass beaker in which we dipped our paint brushes while coloring lantern slides. Standing on his hind legs Cinco would hang over the edge of the beaker and drink enormous quantities of pink, purple, or any other color of water and return again and again. After eating or drinking Cinco always wiped his mouth on the daily calendar pad.



Cinco had never been allowed in the north office for we had to have some place in which to put things that were not for Cinco's teeth to bite, but one noon he managed to scratch open the door which had not been securely latched and how glorious was the picture that met our eyes! He sat, the little rascal, on the table of a projecting microscope, an electric microscope, and he had chewed the button that controlled it until the current had come on, so that he sat in a circle of brilliance, like a dancer in the spotlight of a theater. Around him billowed the fuzz from some twenty cat-tails that had stood in a tall holder near by. Around him and over the edge of the table, down to the very floor the fluff hung, gently swaying in the breeze from the open window. Scattered upon this, like flower petals on the veil of a bride, were the bits of a wonderful bouquet, now but dabs of color on the white of a cat-tail blanket. This time we not only said, "Cinco, you rascal," but because he had ruined a pile of valuable manuscript, we stamped our feet, and Cinco thought we were being extra-enthusiastic, and frisked his tail more adorably than ever and jumped from shoulder to shoulder, pulling our hair with his little paws.

About this time Cinco began to bury things. He would run about with a nut in his jaws, trying to pry up a board in the floor so that he might stick the nut beneath it. Unfortunately for him, the floor was well built, and his jaws would get so tired holding the nut that he would have to take it out and hold it in his dirty paws in order to rest. If he did not get disgusted and eat the nut, he ended by burying it in the umbrella plant jar. Many things he buried there, and a day came when he harvested a crop of sunflower plants, tomato plants, and cucumber vines. The first day he spent with us Cinco discovered a



log standing in one corner. Although he had not been in a tree since as a wee baby he had fallen out of one, he recognized it immediately and hurried to the top of it. "Brr," he scolded, "what good is a tree without any branches?" But inasmuch as he thought it better than no tree at all, we made him a bridge of it by placing one end on the window sill and the other on his flower pot. The log had an angle in it where a branch had once grown, and in this crotch Cinco buried handfuls of provisions, entirely overlooking the fact that they fell through on the floor as fast as he crowded them in.

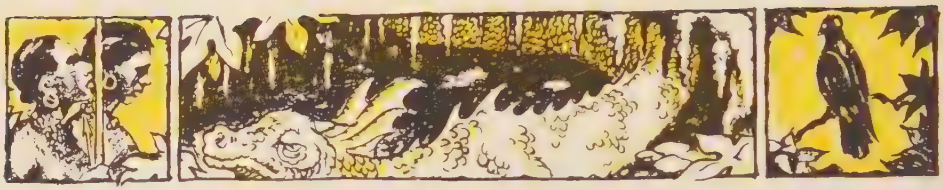
Cinco scolded the sparrows from the window sills. When they flew away he felt that he was a mighty victor and swaggered about. When something frightened him he made himself as flat as possible with his tail lying close to his back. He liked boxing matches. Racing down the table he would plunge against an outstretched hand with such force that it would send him bouncing back, stiff-legged. After bouncing up in the air a couple of times he would rush to the other end of the table to repeat the stunt again and again.

Sometimes Cinco stayed upstairs with the Lady-Who-Knows-All-About-Rocks, where he tried to crack rocks with his teeth and nearly stuck fast in a Canada balsam jar because he would put his head in to see what it was. Over Sundays Cinco always went home with the Lady-Who-Knows-All-About-Rocks, who lived in a flat where Cinco soon felt very much at home. Cinco had always had a large sponge with which he played as does a kitten. This went to the flat with him each Sunday. The sponge and Cinco were so often underfoot that the Lady put

both of them into the empty bathtub. Cinco came to recognize that as the proper place to play spongeball. One morning the faucet on the tub broke, the water ran into the tub in a stream and Cinco's sponge was fired out upon the floor. While the Lady was sending a hurry call for the plumber, Cinco scampered into the bathroom, and saw his sponge on the floor. He picked it up and with a leap went over the edge of the bathtub into some two or three inches of water. Only another squirrel could have appreciated just what Cinco thought of this.

Countless other things Cinco did, naughty things, funny things, like opening a box containing a new pink lampshade and digging it to ribbons with his little toes, and burning all four feet on some hot pipes so that he had to have his feet wrapped up in greasy bandages for a week. In time Cinco left us. He had shed his baby fur and grown sleek and wise and we knew he was ready to climb real trees. When school was out he went to live in a big, big yard in the country. He rode there in a little box carried by the Lady-Who-Knows-All-About-Rocks, who was taking him to her father who is an invalid. Cinco is very happy, for he not only climbs and romps in the treetops but he comes down to eat nuts on the knee of the man who sits in a big chair right under the rustling trees. Not only that, but the man's soft voice is very often heard saying to Cinco's own delight, "Cinco, you rascal!"

We wonder sometimes if he misses his flower pot garden, and all the mischief-making playthings of his baby life. Anyway we feel that his new home is more suitable for a truly grown-up squirrel able to make his way.



THE FIJIANS LEARN TO BUILD CANOES[1]

LORIMER FISON

"THEY tell me," said old Tui Nayau, "that you have been to the hill of Kau-vandra, where stands the temple of Dengei, the Great Serpent. In the old times our fathers feared that spot, and reverenced it greatly, for there dwelt the Great Serpent whom they worshiped.

"In those days Bau was not the greatest kingdom in Fiji, as it is now. There were then no boat builders among us, and our fathers made no canoes, for they knew not how to fashion them. They were living in a wretched way, each tribe dwelling apart in its own land; for there were no canoes wherewith to sail from one island to another. So the Great Serpent took pity upon them, and chose a tribe whom he called 'The Boat Builders,' and them he taught the art of canoe building, giving them also the entire rule over Great Fiji, so that in those days they were a great and powerful people, and Bau was of little account.

"And indeed it was easy for them to become great, for they alone of all the dwellers in Fiji knew how to build canoes; so that men came from afar, begging to be taken as their servants, that they too might learn how to make the wonderful vessels

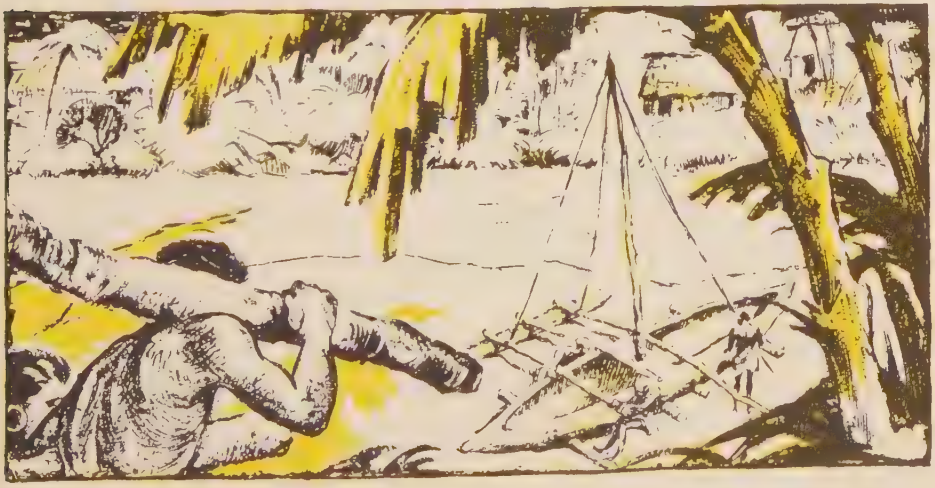
From *Tales from Old Fiji*. London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.

[1] A Fiji legend of the deluge.

which would carry men over the waters in safety. Thus, in the course of time, they grew proud and haughty, and were often disobedient to the Great Serpent; but he bore with them, for he loved them well.

"Now the Great Serpent dwelt on the hill of Kau-vandra, in Great Fiji; but all the country round about he gave to the tribe that he had chosen. And they built their town on the top of a high hill, where they dwelt in safety, for no enemy could get at them; and often did the god come among them, and talk with them, teaching them many things, so that they were wiser than all other men. These days were good days, for they dwelt in great peace and plenty.

"When it was evening, the Great Serpent used to go to a cave in the hill of Kau-Vandra, and there laid him down to sleep. When he closed his eyes then it was dark, and men said, 'Night is come over the land'; when he turned himself over in his sleep, the earth shook and men said, 'It is an earthquake'; and at dawn



of day, when he opened his eyes, then darkness flew away, and men said, 'It is morning.'

"Now there was a beautiful black dove whose duty it was to awake him when it was morning. It slept always on a Baka (or banyan) tree, which grew hard by the mouth of the Great Serpent's cave, whence its voice, 'Kru, kru, kru, kru,' always roused him when it was time for the night to depart and for the day to come over the land. Then he would get up and call across the valley to the Boat Builders, saying, 'Rise up, my children, and work; for the morning has come.'

"Therefore Rokola, chief of the Boat Builders, and Kausambaria, his brother, hated the dove; for they had grown proud and idle, and they said, 'Why should we thus work, work, work forever? Work is for slaves; but we are chiefs, great and mighty. Let our slaves work, for they are many; as for us, we will rest. Come, let us kill the dove; and if the Great Serpent be angry, let him be angry. We will fight with him; for we are many and strong, and he is but one, though he be a god.'

"So they took their bows and arrows, and crept beneath the banyan tree, where the dove was sleeping. Then said Rokola to his brother, 'I will shoot first. If I miss, then do you shoot'; and his brother replied, 'It is well. Shoot. I am ready.' So Rokola shot, and his arrow pierced the breast of the dove, so that it fell dead to the ground, and the two brothers fled away to their town.

"When the Great Serpent awoke from his sleep, he wondered that he did not hear the voice of his dove; so he came forth from his cave and looked up into the banyan tree, saying, 'Ah, lazy

one, must it be my business to wake *you* nowadays? But where are you?' for he saw that she was not in the tree, on the branch where she always sat.

"Then, looking on the ground, he spied the dove, with the arrow sticking in her breast. Great was his grief for the dove, and great also was his rage, for he knew the arrow of Rokola; and, shouting across the valley with a terrible voice, he cried, 'Woe to you, Rokola, and unto you all, O Boat Builders, ungrateful ones, because you have killed my dove! Now is your kingdom taken away, and given to the children of Bau. And I will scatter you among all the peoples of Fiji, making you their servants.'

"But the Boat Builders shouted back across the valley: 'We fear you not, Great Serpent. We are many, and you are but one, though you be a god. Come, let us fight together. As we have served your dove, so also will we serve you; for we fear you not, Great Serpent, though you be a god.' And they built a war fence, strong, and wide, and high, whilst the Great Serpent sat on the hill of Kau-vandra, mocking them, and crying aloud, 'Build your fences strong. Carry them up to the sky; for a god is your enemy.' They also defied him, for they trusted in their war fence and in their numbers.

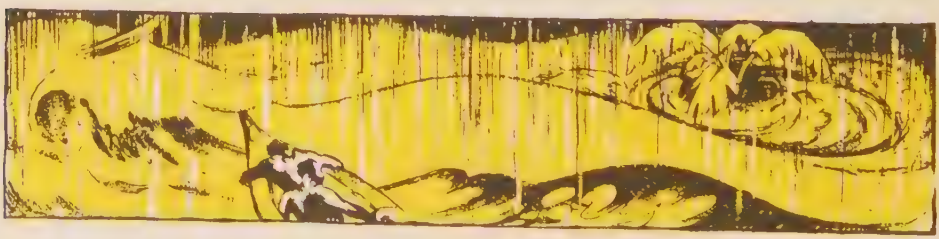
"When they had finished, Rokola shouted across the valley, 'It is done. Come, let us fight, that our children may say in the days hereafter, "Our fathers ate the Great Serpent, the god who lived on the hill of Kau-vandra." '

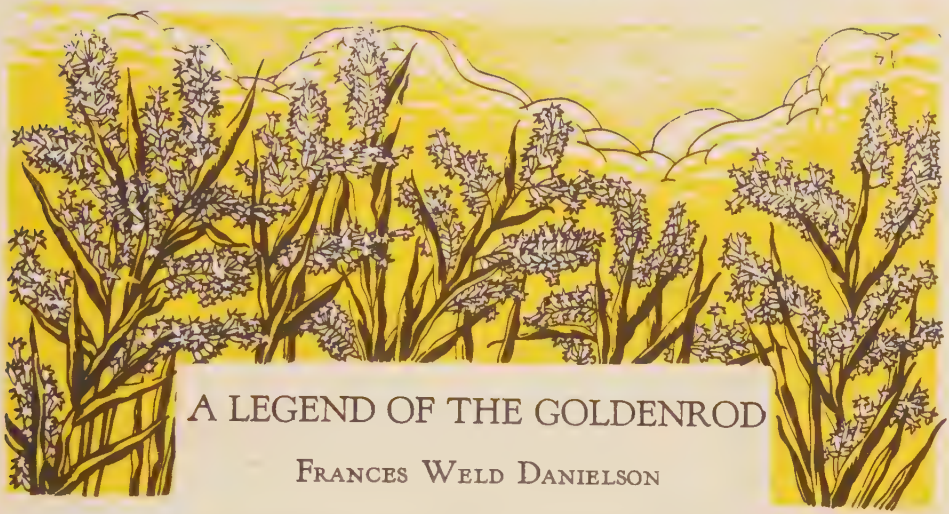
"Then the god arose in his wrath and threw his club up into the sky; and the clouds were broken in pieces and fell down

to the earth in a deluge of rain. Many days did the rain continue. It was not like the rain which now falls upon the earth, but a great and terrible pouring out of waters—and the sea rose, flowing in over the land, a dreadful sight. Higher and ever higher rose the wave, till it swept away the war fence of the Boat Builders and their town with all its people Rokola and many more were drowned; but many also (some two thousand, perhaps) floated away on trees and rafts and canoes, drifting along hither and thither over the waters, till they landed, some here and some there, on the mountain tops which were still above the waves, and begged their lives of the dwellers in the lands, who had fled thither before the rising waters. So that, when the sea went back again to its own place, they were taken down into the valleys in every kingdom, and became the servants of the chiefs, building their canoes, as at this day.

"As for the banyan tree, on which the dove used to sit, it was carried away by the great flood to Vatu-lele. Now Vatu-lele, in those days, was nothing but a reef, like Navatu, with no land upon it; but so much earth was still clinging to the roots of the banyan tree, that it became a land, and men came and dwelt thereon.

"And this is how we, the men of Fiji, learned to build our canoes."





A LEGEND OF THE GOLDENROD

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

ONCE there were a great many weeds in a field. They were very ugly-looking weeds, and they didn't seem to be the least bit of use in the world. The cows would not eat them, the children would not pick them, and even the bugs did not seem to like them very well.

"I don't see what we're here for," said one of the weeds. "We are not any good."

"No good at all," growled a dozen little weeds, "only to catch dust."

"Well, if that's what we're here for," cried a very tall weed, "then I say let's catch dust! I suppose somebody's got to do it. We can't all bear blueberries or blossom into hollyhocks."

"But it isn't pleasant work at all," whined a tiny bit of a weed.

"No whining allowed in this field," laughed a funny little fat weed, with a hump in his stalk. "We're all going to catch dust,

Used by permission from *Story-Telling Time*, by Frances Weld Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrims Press.

so let's see which one can catch the most. What do you say to a race?"

The little fat weed spoke in such a jolly voice that the weeds all cheered up at once, and before long they were as busy as bees, and as happy as Johnny-jump-ups. They worked so well stretching their stalks and spreading out their fingers that before the summer was half over they were able to take every bit of dust that flew up from the road. In the field beyond, where the clover grew and the cows fed, there was not any to be seen.

One morning toward the end of summer, the weeds were surprised to see a number of people standing by the fence looking at them. Pretty soon some children came and gazed at them. Then the weeds noticed that people driving by called each other's attention to them. They were much surprised at this, but they were still more surprised when one day some children climbed the fence and commenced to pick them.

"See," cried a little girl, "how all the dust has been changed to gold!"

The weeds looked at each other, and, sure enough, they were all covered with gold-dust.

"A fairy has done it," they whispered one to the other.

But the fairies were there on the spot, and declared they had had nothing to do with it.

"You did it yourselves," cried the queen of the fairies. "You were happy in your work, and a cheerful spirit always changes dust into gold. Didn't you know it?"

"You're not weeds any more, you're flowers," sang the fairies.

"Goldenrod, goldenrod!" shouted the children.



THE BATTLE ON SKATES



EVA HUTCHISON

THREE faces peered out of the window across the common to where the pond lay dark and calm in the clear moonlight. A number of people were skating gaily upon its smooth surface.

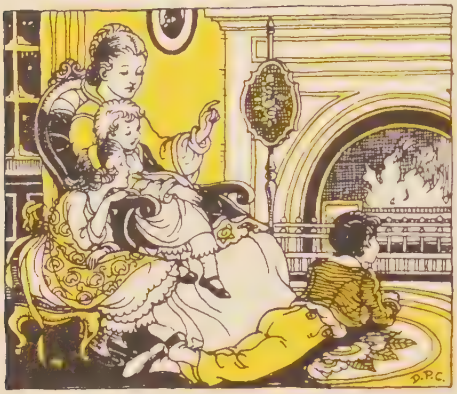
The faces were wistful and disappointed ones, for the children longed to join the skaters, but mamma had said they must stay in, because they had been out all day.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsted had gone to a wedding, and the children did not know how to pass this long, dreary evening.

Edith, the oldest, pouted and declared that it was mean; Walter was teasing the cat to relieve his injured feelings; while Mollie nestled up to Edith, lovingly, and was silent.

"Children, come here," called a soft voice. At the sound their faces brightened, and quickly they went to the sitting-room whence the voice proceeded. It was Aunt Ella who called. The jolliest aunt in the world—always ready for fun or a game, or even to tell a story—she could fly a kite and shoot marbles 'most as well as a boy, invent new fashions for dolls, and run a race. She was, in the eyes of the children, a paragon, and to be adored. She had been ill with headache during the day, and the children had been kept away from her; but now they eagerly rushed into the room. She sat in an easy-chair by the grate, and the glowing bed of coals threw a dim light into the room—half redeeming it from darkness. After they had greeted

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.



her, she said, inquiringly:

"What is the matter, Edith? You are so quiet. Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, I'm well. But mamma won't let us go out. The other girls are going and we can't. The ice is just right, too." The tone in which Edith spoke betrayed how near she was to tears.

"I'm sure mamma is right, dear," said Aunt Ella. "Hear how the wind blows, and while this weather lasts you will have plenty of such fun. What are you going to do this evening while your mother is away?"

"Nothing," came the answer in a disconsolate voice.

"Then, listen; I have a story to tell you. Just sit down near the fire and I will begin."

"Let it be a truly story, Auntie," pleaded Mollie.

"Yes, dear."

Quickly they prepared to listen. Mollie, because she was the youngest, crept into Aunt Ella's lap; Edith nestled by her side on an ottoman, and Walter, stretched full length upon the hearth-rug, stared intently into the fire. Surveying the expectant trio, Aunt Ella began:

Once upon a time King Philip of Spain went to war with Holland. You know where Holland is, don't you? It is a small country in Europe, somewhat northwest of Germany. You remember the story, how a brave boy stopped a leak in the



dyke in this same place; you know, too, that the country is lower than the sea-level and there have to be big walls, called dykes, to keep the water from sweeping over the land. This fight was a desperate one, for King Philip was so eager to subdue the country that he waged the war with all the means at his command. He sent to Holland, as his commander-in-chief, the Duke of Alva, a Spanish nobleman and a famous general. After the war had been going on a long time and many towns had been seized, the Duke saw that if he could take Amsterdam he

could easily overcome the rest of Holland — but between Amsterdam and the King's forces lay the city of Haarlem.

The Duke sent his son Don Frederick to capture Haarlem. The city was almost surrounded by water, then frozen over, as it was winter. There were a few ships lying near Haarlem, but they were held fast by the ice, and might easily have been captured had not the sailors dug a trench all around them, and fortified them against the enemy.

As soon as Don Frederick arrived, he sent a body of soldiers to attack the ships. The soldiers marched out to the vessels, but as they came near, a body of armed men on skates sprang from the trench.

The Hollanders were used to skating from their very babyhood, for in winter the canals and sea were frozen for miles around, and everybody skated. Not only did they skate for fun, but to market, and their daily business, just as easily and far more quickly than they could walk. They were proud of their skill and fleetness, and they used to have games and sham battles on the ice, so that when there was need for real fighting, they knew what to do.

But the Spaniards lived in a southern country where there is little ice, and they never went sliding or skating. When they saw the Hollanders dart out at them, their feet shod with steel, appearing almost to fly in the air, they thought the enemy must be aided by witchcraft! They were tempted to run, such was their amazement and terror.

However, when the bullets came flying among them, they tried to pick up their courage and fight. But their efforts were

feeble, for, unable to keep their footing on the slippery surface, they would stumble and fall, while the Hollanders would glide by unharmed and send their bullets to the mark.

The Hollanders were victorious; and, when they drove the Spaniards off the ice, several hundred of the enemy lay dead, while the conquerors scarcely suffered any loss. When the Duke heard of this defeat he was much surprised, and decided that he would not be beaten again in that way.

So he ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and commanded all the soldiers to learn to skate. They had fun while learning, but not long afterward were able to handle their weapons on ice as boldly as the Hollanders. But they had little occasion to make use of this new accomplishment, for a sudden thaw and flood made it possible for the ships to sail away, and the sailors' brave spirits were much cheered by the sudden frost that followed and rendered them safe from naval attack for a time.

The Spaniards soon after captured Haarlem, but they had to fight hard to take it, for the city was well fortified and the people brave.

Reluctantly the children marched off to bed, and in their dreams that night saw strange visions in which ice, skates, ships, Spaniards, and Hollanders mingled in the wildest confusion.





THE SIREN

CIPRIANA ALVAREZ DE MACHADO

MANY years ago there dwelt on the seacoast in Andalusia a poor fisherman. One day, when luck had been against him in his fishing, he decided to cast his net once more before giving up. When he attempted to draw in his net it was so heavy he could hardly get it over the side of the boat. "Thank

Freely translated from an Andalusian Folk Tale, as quoted in *Biblioteca de la Tradiciones Populaires Españolas.*

fortune, I have a good catch at last," he said to himself. But when he got the net up, in it he found a monstrous fish that turned upon him savagely, and threatened to eat him if he did not immediately promise to give the fish the first thing that met him on his return home.

Thinking that as usual his little dog would run out to meet him, the fisherman promised. Then the fish turned into a siren who dived off the boat, calling out as she disappeared, "Remember what you are to bring to the shore for me before morning!"

The fisherman went home, sad to think his little dog must be given to the siren. Alas! How little did he realize at what price the dog was to be saved. As he reached his hut, his young son came rushing out to ask what accident had made him so late! At that the poor man broke down and wept, but he knew how vain it was to try to thwart the siren, so he told the whole story to his son.

The lad was little worried and declared that he would go at once. He started off but he had gone only a short distance when he found an ant and an eagle dining on a piece of meat. They could not agree on the right way to divide their property and at once called the young man to decide for them. This he did in a manner so satisfactory to them both that each wanted to reward him for his good work. The eagle gave him a feather which would change him into an eagle if he held it in his right hand while saying, "Woe is me, the eagle." The ant presented him with a small foot and told him the same formula as used on the other gift would turn him into an ant.

Then the lad went on his way but he thought he might as well try his powers, so he took the feather in his right hand and said, "Woe is me, the eagle," and at once he flew up into the air and found he was an eagle, indeed. "Before I go to the shore I must see the king of our country," thought the youth. So he winged his way over blue hills and green valleys until he reached the great palace where dwelt the king. When he reached there he saw in a garden the most beautiful maiden imaginable. He flew down near her and allowed himself to be caught and carried into the room where the princess dwelt. As soon as her maidens left the room he at once changed himself back into a man. The princess was frightened at first but he reassured her and told her his story. Greatly interested, she sent for her father and bade the young man repeat his tale to the king. This he did and the king was so pleased that he bade the young man to stay with them.

Life went on pleasantly for a time, but one day as the lad was strolling along with the king and the princess they happened to wander so close to the sea that a wave came up and lapped the young man's foot. A moment later the siren's hand reached up from the wave, caught the young man and drew him beneath the waters. In vain the princess pleaded; the siren and her prey had disappeared.

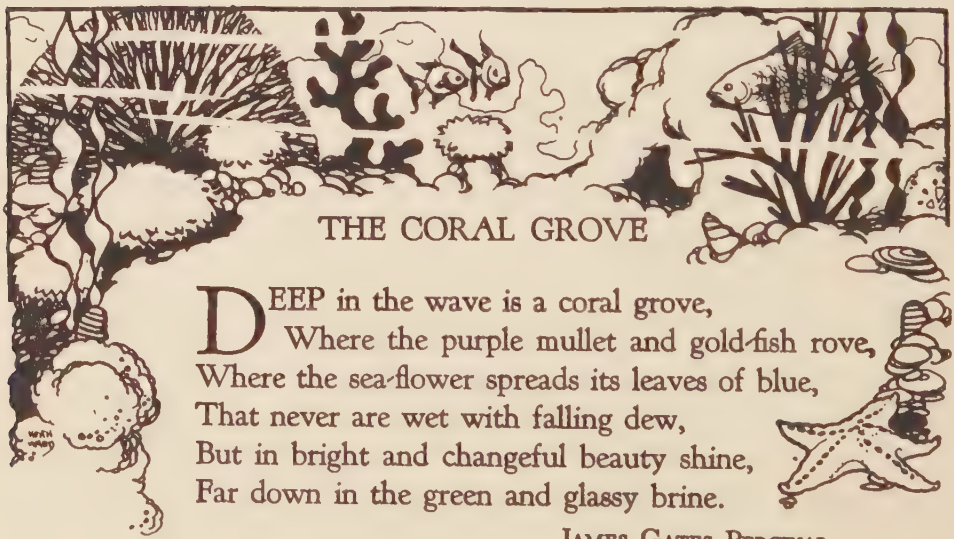
The king was as sad at the loss of his companion as was the princess, so, recollecting that sirens are very fond of gold and silver, he caused a silver oar to be made. This he and the princess bore to the shore and told the siren that if she would show them the young man, even though but half his body,

they would give her the silver oar. The siren consented, but she allowed the boy to show only his head above the waters and quickly drew him down again. Nevertheless they gave her the oar and told her that if she would show half the young man, a golden oar should be given for this act.

Then the princess and her father, the king, hurried home; they called to them the royal goldsmiths and explained that by dawn a golden oar must be ready to carry to the seashore. All night the goldsmiths toiled, and by dawn they brought to the king a golden oar, carved and chased with wondrous designs. When the siren saw this oar she was wild to have it and allowed the lad to rise from the water up to his waist. This was all that was needed, for with his hands above the water he reached into his pocket for the feather and turned himself into an eagle and flew away, far out of the siren's reach. The siren was furious and promised to revenge herself for this trick. But the princess put the oar down on the beach where the siren could get it and she and the king made their way to the palace without replying to this threat. Nevertheless, just as she was entering the gateway, the earth opened and swallowed the princess, for the siren had invoked the aid of the earth gnomes.

The eagle had been circling above the palace awaiting the return of the princess, and when he saw what had happened he came at once to the ground and turned himself into a man. Then he got some well diggers and had them dig a small hole at the spot where the princess had disappeared. When this was done to his satisfaction, he drew out his ant's foot and said, "Woe is me, the ant." At once he turned into an ant and

burrowed into the ground until he came to the princess. Fortunately he had told her the tale of his magic possessions, so when she saw the ant coming toward her and carrying a foot in its mouth she understood what was to be done. Taking the foot in her right hand she repeated the magic formula and in a moment she also was an ant. Then together the lad and the princess made their way up out of the earth. As soon as they reached the palace they changed back into their true forms. The king was so pleased to see them that he at once gave his daughter to her liberator and they were married at the palace the next day. The lad sent for his father to attend his wedding and then made ample provision for him. After their marriage the princess and her husband lived happily the remainder of their lives but they were careful never again to go walking on the seashore.



THE CORAL GROVE

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL



THE TREACHEROUS ISLAND

ANNA WAHLENBERG



THE good old King Gamba had many beautiful palaces in the country; but he had lived so many years that he had grown weary of them all, and now began to think of building himself a new one.

So one morning he sent a messenger after the court architect.

"Go with the treasurer to the cellar vaults, and have him measure out three sacks of gold for you," said the king when the architect arrived; "load these upon a wagon and build me a castle."

The architect first bowed so low that his forehead touched the lowest step of the throne, and then asked, "Where do you wish it to be, your Majesty?"

"I was out driving some time ago," answered the king, "and crossed the crest of a mountain. Below it lay, as every man in the realm knows, a sea—"

The architect bowed again to show that he understood.

"And in that sea is an island."

At this the architect looked up at the king in a wholly terrified manner and murmured, "Excuse me, your Majesty, but—but—I have never seen that island."

"But I have seen it, and I'll know how to find it—" and King Gamba looked as coldly at the architect as though he stood a

From *Old Swedish Fairy Tales*. Translated from the Danish of Frede Thomsen by Antoinette De Coursey Patterson. Published by arrangement with and permission of The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

whole mile away from him. Then he added, "And it is upon that island that you shall build my castle. Farewell."

There was therefore nothing more to be done about it. So the architect took the gold and carted it to the top of the mountain. Whereupon the driver stopped his horse, unloaded the sacks, cast a glance over the empty sea—and then laughed at the architect till his eyes disappeared in his head, and his mouth stretched from ear to ear.

"Surely a great beautiful island," said the driver, pointing at the sea, "and a fine one upon which to build a castle." With that he jumped onto the wagon and whipped up his horse, leaving the architect behind with his sacks of gold—and still looking for the island which could not be found.

What should the poor architect now do? To take up a sack of gold and flee the land, he would not think of doing, for he was an honorable man; but it would be most humbling to go back and say he was not fortunate enough to find the island. Besides, though Gamba was a most good-natured and excellent old king, he had one peculiarity—he could not stand contradiction. So when he with his old weak eyes thought he had seen an island, the island must be found—even if every one of his subjects were to come to him and say they could not discover it. As thanks for such information they would all find themselves exiled.

"Perhaps the island was there when the king drove by, and later on was flooded," thought the architect. So he went into a little cottage he saw in the neighborhood to ask if he might borrow a boat. A young woman who sat within, rocking her

child, promptly nodded her assent to his request.

"You can take a flat-bottomed boat which lies under the willow," said she.

The architect found the boat, sure enough, under the willow; so he loosened it and rowed out. But soon, slackening his course, he rested upon his oars and began to peer into the water, to see if he could possibly discover a flooded island. Suddenly, bending far down, he saw something most unusual.

Yet it was not an island he saw, but a mighty giant, who sat in the midst of a pile of seaweed and played with his child. This child was as big and clumsy as the biggest elephant; and the sea-giant himself might have been taken for a huge rock if he had not had a monstrous head covered with scales and green hair, two red eyes which blinked like lighted palace windows, and a pair of arms as thick as lighthouses.

The boat's brim extended well over the water, and the sea-giant, who wriggled up to see what was in the way, caught the architect's searching eyes.

"Who is it who thus gazes upon us?" roared he.

"It is only I," said the architect in fearless tones; "and I seek an island here in the sea, as upon it I must build a castle. Perhaps you can tell me where to find it."

The giant broke into such a laugh that the water fairly bubbled up. "So far back as I can recollect, I have not seen any island," he vowed; and then added, "but I could easily furnish you with such a little spot if I wished."

"Pshaw!" said the architect.

Offended at the distrust shown him, the sea-giant rose almost

to the water's brim. He could easily prove that what he said was true! Thereupon he grasped a great iron bar which was near him, jammed it with all his might into the rocks on the beach, and soon loosened a hunk as big as several barrels. Then he disappeared into a forest of seaweed, and returned with his cap full of mud, in which grew trees, bushes and grasses, taller, more splendid, and more luxuriant than any which grew on land. All this he pressed upon the broken mass of rock, which he then took in the hollow of his hand and lifted above the level of the water. It was the prettiest little island the architect had ever seen in his whole life.

"Ah, if it but had a base!" sighed he.

"So long as I hold it it has a base; and I can hold it a thousand years if I wish," said the giant, as he took his seat on a convenient spot both above and under the water.

"But if you should fall asleep?"

"Ah, that's nothing to worry about. I do not do that oftener than every five hundred years, and sleep no more than two hundred. It is three hundred years now since I have slept. In former times there was an old troll-man about here who could sing cradle songs, so if one had a mind to he could take a little nap of ten or twelve years in between; but he has now gone to other regions. However, you need not be afraid, for I sit as still when I am asleep as when I am awake. Only set about the building of the little castle."

The architect scratched the back of his ear. "How long will you promise to sit still and hold up your hand?" he asked.

"Two years," answered the giant.



"Only two years?"

"Yes, two years from the day you are ready to build! After that I take the island, with the little castle, down below and give it to the children to play with. I should certainly have some reward for my pains, should I not?"

"Thank you, but I do not believe we can come to terms," said the architect, as he straightened himself up in the middle of the boat.

Should he, he wondered, let the king spend so much money upon a castle he would occupy for so short a time? And would not the people's lives perhaps be lost when the island sank?

Though the king was never known to remain at any place more than two years at a time, he might take it into his head to leave some of his family at the castle.

The architect began to row toward the land; but when his eyes again rested upon the gold on the shore, he decided that after all it would perhaps be as well to spend it in the building of the castle; for otherwise he did not know what on earth to do with it. And he would remember to warn the people, so they should not remain upon the island a moment longer than they ought.

So once more he laid himself upon his stomach, and bending over the boat's rim called "Hullo" to the sea-giant.

"Hullo! Shall it be or not be?" the giant demanded.

"It shall be — only you must promise to hold still for five years."

"Most certainly not!" said the sea-giant.

"For four years then?"

"No!" said the sea-giant.

"But at least three years, counting from today?"

"It shall go at that," said the sea-giant; "but don't forget that three years from tonight, even as the moon rises from behind yonder mountain, I shall let my hand sink."

The architect declared he would remember the date well; then he rowed back to the land, and procuring people from every imaginable place began to build the king's palace upon the little island which was regarded by all with utter astonishment. They rubbed their eyes to be sure they were really awake, because they had never known before that the island existed; nor had

they ever seen such tall trees with thick soft foliage, nor such fragrant lilies as those which grew upon it.

But when, at the expiration of half a year, the castle with its gleaming battlements and towers was all ready, and the old king arrived, he was not in the least astonished! He knew well the island had been there all the time—for had he not seen it himself? And he remembered also he had remarked as they drove by, that its trees, its bushes, and its flowers were more beautiful than on any other spot upon the earth.

And so the king, thoroughly happy, took up his abode in his new castle; and when the second year drew near its close, and the court expected he would give orders for departure to another country home, he one morning announced he wished to remain where he was for yet another year.

At this a cry was heard; and when all eyes turned to a corner from whence the sound came, they discovered the architect, quaking and trembling to such a degree that he could scarcely stand upright. When questioned as to what was the matter with him, he would only plead that he might be allowed to talk in secret with the king.

The men and women of the court were thereupon obliged to withdraw, and the door was closed. At once the architect fell on his knees before the king and told him where the island had come from, and how the sea-giant sat beneath and held it up; but that he would let his hand drop when the moon rose back of the mountain's crest exactly three years after the island had been raised from the water.

"Punish me, your Majesty, do with me anything you wish,"



said he; "I beg of you only one thing—that you will leave here, with the whole court, within the stated time."

Instead of answering, the king rose to his full height and rang a little silver bell. Immediately a servant stood in the doorway. "Bring here the master of the treasury and two guardsmen," ordered the king.

And a moment afterwards the men stood before him.

"Measure out a bushel of gold for that man over there," said the king to the treasurer, as he pointed to the castle's architect. "He has served me faithfully for many years; but he shall now be immediately conducted out of the realm; because he is quite

mad and is in a state to spread malicious stories among the people. Men of the guards, take him!"

And the architect was seized, given his gold, and conducted off the island. But on the way he spoke to his keepers of the treacherous spot, which rested only on the sea-giant's hand; for his conscience would not give him any peace at the thought of what might happen to the king and all the people of the court if they did not come away at the right time. So when his guides came back to the island, they repaired immediately to a side of the boat's dock, and laid themselves down on their stomachs to peer into the water.

Whereupon they too saw the sea-giant with the great blinking eyes, as he sat and held up the island with his left hand. Terrified, they rushed into the castle and told the courtiers what they had seen. Then the ladies and gentlemen of the court wandered in secret, one after the other, down to the dock and laid down on their stomachs; and soon it was found there was not a living soul on the island, from the ministers to the cook's boys, who had not seen the sea-giant—with the single exception of the king, for to him no one dared to say a word about the matter. It was remembered how things had gone with the architect. And moreover the old king would not be able to see anything, for he had such weak eyes.

Many became so fearful they immediately begged leave of absence for their health's sake; or permission to visit relatives who had a sudden longing to see them. Those who remained behind went about counting upon their fingers how many days yet remained before the great catastrophe would happen, when

the whole island would sink to the bottom of the sea. Long beforehand they sent away all their property so they should not lose anything.

But still the old king knew nothing. When the evening before the fatal night arrived, he went as usual early to bed, without any realization of how deserted and empty everything about him had suddenly become.

Doors were opened softly—and softly and upon tiptoe all the ladies of the court hurried down to the dock, where every one was then stowed into boats and rowed away.

Now in front of her little house, upon the other shore, stood the cottager's young wife—the one who had lent the architect her boat when he was obliged to seek for the island. She watched the departure, and wondered who could be looking after King Gamba. As each boat arrived without him, she grew more and more anxious; for she also had seen the sea-giant and knew what would happen. Moreover, she dearly loved the old king, who had many times talked kindly with her on some of his walks—once even patting her eldest boy on the head. So it grieved her that anyone should neglect such a rare old king; that he should be left alone in his castle where, in his ignorance, he would follow the island to the sea's bottom and perish in its dark depth.

To make sure, she questioned several of the fleeing ladies and gentlemen of the palace as to whether the king was with them. But they would only shake their heads, refusing to talk. For what could they do if the king had not a mind to listen to the architect's advice; he must just remain behind and die!

When they were all gone, anxiety increased in the heart of the cottager's young wife. She could not let the old king lie there, and sleep straight on to death. No matter what happened, she must warn him.

She ran into the house a moment to quiet her youngest child who had awakened and was crying. But the baby would not let himself be comforted; so she picked him up and ran down with him to the boat. This she loosened from its moorings, and with vigorous strokes rowed over to the island.

There was no time to lose, for it had already begun to grow dark. In a little while the moon would rise behind the mountain, and if by that time she did not succeed in getting the king into the boat, it would be too late.

With trembling fingers she made the boat fast to the dock, and hastened to the palace, whose gate stood wide open. Then she ran from room to room, from apartment to apartment, until she finally came to one which was locked.

She knocked one time, two times, three times, upon the door, and at last the old king answered in a sleepy voice.

"Who is it? What has happened?"

"Hurry out, hurry out, Hr. King," called she, "else it is death! Every soul in the palace has already departed."

"Of what are they thinking—to thus forsake their king? They shall pay up for this." And the old gentleman stuck his feet into a pair of slippers, slipped into his gold-brocaded dressing gown, and walked out of his sleeping apartment.

When he discovered that all the doors stood open, and that no people were to be seen but the strange woman with her child,

who stood by his door, he was so angry that his eyes flashed.

"They shall indeed be made to pay for this," he repeated, and stamped on the floor.

But the cottager's wife placed herself in front of him and begged, "Come quickly, come, Hr. King! I have my boat down below, and we must hurry."

"It is evident you also believe the stupid stories," said King Gamba. "I'll follow you, but remember I do it only because I wish to get hold of those miserable wretches who forsook their king."

They had now left the castle; but before they were half way to the wharf the whole island trembled as from an earthquake. It was the sea-giant who had moved his hand a little as a gentle reminder.

"Now he is about to take us," screamed the cottager's wife, ready to sink to the earth with fright. "The whole island trembles!"

But the king put his arm around her for her support. "You silly woman," said he, "do you not understand it is just the earth shaking under my steps because they are so powerful?"

They went on further and came to the wharf, when the woman uttered a fresh cry:

"My boat! My boat is gone!"

It was only too true—the boat had floated far out on the waters. She had tied it too loosely, and when the island trembled it had jerked itself free. Just then a voice rang out from far down in the deep:

"Hurry and wake up, or you must all come down to me!"



"Just hear what he says!" cried the cottager's wife, and wrung her hands.

But the old king had heard nothing.

"I tell you it is but the echo of my mighty voice," said he.

Then the young woman threw herself upon the wharf and looked down into the sea.

"Ah, there he sits and blinks with his red eyes! Look at him, Hr. King."

Just to please her, the king leaned over the water as far as he could.

"It is only my own eyes which reflect as in a mirror," said he. "It has often been said of them that they lighten and flash fire."

But the cottager's wife would not be quieted by the king's assertions. She sobbed so loudly that the child on her bosom

also began to cry. In vain she tried lullabys, sung between sobs and groans; the child screamed as wildly as ever.

"Bring the little fellow here," said the king, "and let's see if I can quiet him."

He took the child in his arms, swung him back and forth, and then lifted up his old cracked voice and sang:

Sleep, little boy, on thy king's arm—
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
And he will shield thee from all harm.
Lulla, lulla, lullabye.

Sleep, secure in his embrace—
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
Friendly his as thy mother's face,
And he will keep away all wrong.
Lulla, lulla, lullabye.

While he sang, the child's mother had again laid herself down on the wharf so she could the better look into the deep; and soon she observed that the sea-giant and his child were also listening to the song.

"I am so sleepy," finally remarked the giant; "is it the troll who has come back, and who sits and sings, or is it another in his place?"

"Nay, father," said one of the small giants, "it is not the troll; and thou must not think of going to sleep until thou hast brought the island down to us."

"I'll see to that all right," said the sea-giant. "Is the moon ready to rise?" He rubbed his eyelids to keep himself awake.

"Sing more, Hr. King," the woman whispered, "I believe the giant is about to sleep."

The king gave her an austere look. "Utter foolishness!" said he. "Do you then think I am afraid of the powers of darkness? I am a king, by God's grace; and they would not risk hurting me. I sing only for the boy here, and not for any other soul." And he sang again:

Sleep, little child, on thy king's arm—
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
He'll rock thee so that thou shalt rest
Sweetly as on thy mother's breast;
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
Braver than parents and more wise;
In safety thou mayest shut thy eyes.
Lulla, lulla, lullabye.

"Hr. King, Hr. King," whispered the woman, again pulling the king by his dressing gown, "I believe the giant sleeps. His eyes do not gleam any more. He has closed them."

Nevertheless, almost at the same moment, she gave another scream of terror and fell down before the king—for a silver scarf had spread itself over the country. There the moon shone, round and clear, above the mountain's crest; and now might come to pass that which all, with the exception of the king, expected.

But the island lay upon the top of the water just as before. It did not shake again; and down below sat the sea-giant and slept—immovable as a stone image; while the small sea-giants wept and bemoaned because they had not gotten their island.

Then the cottager's wife crept to the king's feet and kissed them again and again. "Thou hast saved us, Hr. King," said she; "the creature below avails nothing against thee."

The old king drew himself up, and then laid the sleeping child in its mother's arms.

"Thy son trusted me if thou didst not," said he. "He is the most faithful of all my subjects."

Then they went back to the castle and laid down to sleep, the king in his apartment, and the mother and child in a room by the kitchen. But the next morning, when they awakened, the whole island was swarming with people. They were the ladies and gentlemen of the court who had come back when they saw the island was still there, and that the sea-giant was fast asleep on his rocky cliff. And when the cottager's wife appeared, and told them how the old king had sung the giant to sleep, it all seemed so wonderful that they felt suddenly convinced that such a good old king as theirs had never before lived upon the earth. So they went at once into the castle and, kneeling before his door, remained there until he showed himself upon the threshold.

Severe and stern, and with knitted brows, he stood before them, "How do you dare venture here—on account of the sea-giant?" he asked.

"We have seen that he has no power over thee, Hr. King," said they. "Forgive us! forgive us!"

The old king's face cleared, and after he had thought all by himself for an hour, he forgave them, for taking everything into consideration he was such a good old king. But about the neck

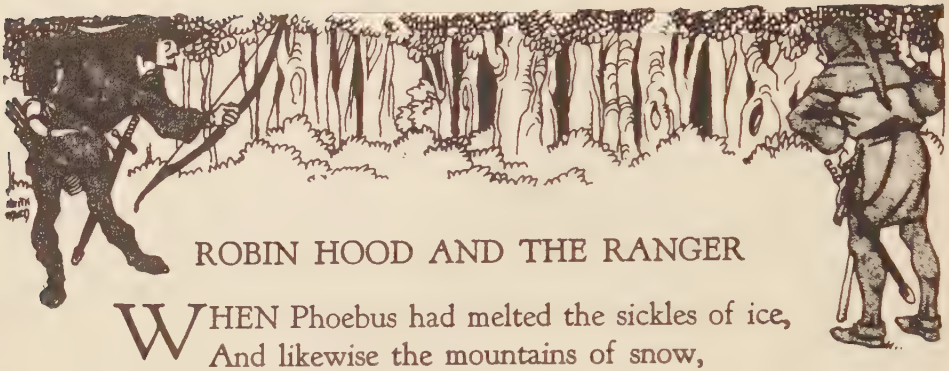
of the cottager's wife he hung the dead queen's most beautiful jeweled necklace, because she was the only one who did not desert him; and her husband he appointed superintendent of all the boats upon the island.

Then the very next day he let it be announced over the whole land that he had made the island castle his permanent residence. He would prove to the world that one need never be afraid of a sea-giant.

All, however, were not so brave as he. In the evening, when the old king had gone to bed, the court ladies and gentlemen would lie upon their stomachs over the wharf and stare down into the water, to see if by any chance the giant had again opened his gleaming eyes.

Each knew the other's thoughts; not one of them would remain a day longer upon the island after the old king was dead. For they knew well there would then not be found anyone who could sing the sea-giant to sleep again if he woke up.





ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER

WHEN Phoebus had melted the sickles of ice,
And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
To frolic abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilst through the green valleys he passed;
There did he behold a forester bold,
Who cried out, "Friend, whither so fast?"

"I'm going," quoth Robin, "to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Besides, e'er I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall."

"You'd best have a care," said the forester then,
"For these are his majesty's deer;
Before you shall shoot the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head-forester here."

"These thirteen long summers," quoth Robin, "I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange,
You should have more power than I.

"This forest," quoth Robin, "I think is my own,
And so are the nimble deer, too;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I won't be affronted by you."

The forester he had a long quarter-staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be tried.

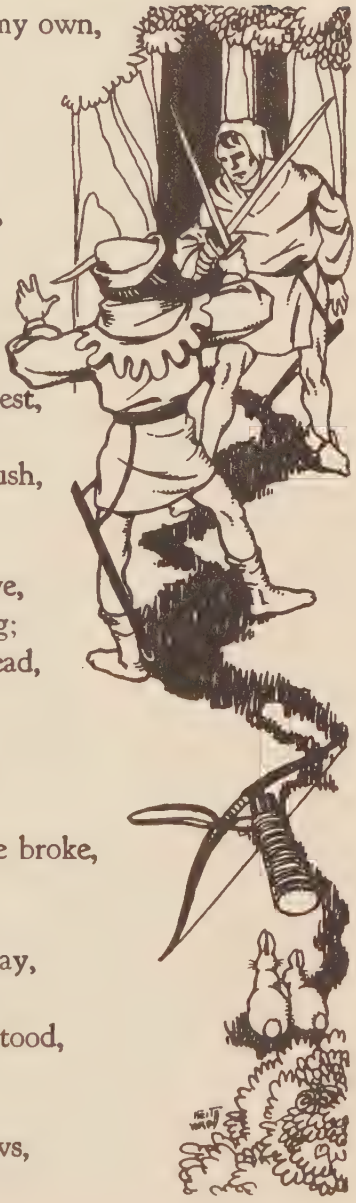
Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus, e'er he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding-dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a terrible bang!

But Robin he soon did recover himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons were broke,
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter-staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have t'other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other returned them as fast;





At every stroke their jackets did smoke,
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
And cudgeled bold Robin so sore
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He said, "Let us freely give o'er.

"Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess
I never knew any so good;
Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

"I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou'st acted thy part;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart."

Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,
A blast he merrily blows;
His yeoman did hear and straight did appear,
A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Clothed in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A right gallant sight to be seen.

"Lo, these are my yeomen," said Robin Hood,
"And thou shalt be one of the train;
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain."

The forester willingly entered the list,
They were such a beautiful sight;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.

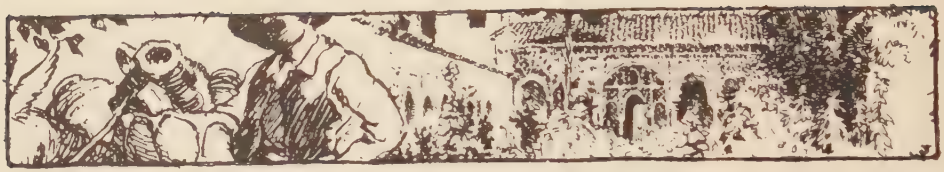
What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With mirth and delight they spent the long night,
And lived at a plentiful rate.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows and a very long bow;
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all in a row.

Quoth he, "My brave yeomen, be true to your trust,
And then we may range the woods wide";
They all did declare and solemnly swear,
They'd conquer, or die by his side.

Old English Ballad





THE LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

WASHINGTON IRVING

JUST within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisterns (la Plaza de los Algibes), so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that water carriers, some bearing great water jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra, from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Among the water carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Gallicia, of course.

Abridged from *Legends of the Alhambra.*

Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a corresponding class of animals, being a stout shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water jars, covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns: "*Quien quiere agua — agua mas fria que la nieve?*"—"Who wants water—water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civilest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day by lingering in

the open air, and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking father, thought of his hungry children. "One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a Sunday's puchero (meat stew) for the little ones." So saying, he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went.

When he arrived at the well, he found it deserted by everyone except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on a stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity." He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's



shelter to a fellow being in so forlorn a plight, so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him, on the ground, in the coolest part of the house; being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor called Peregil to his side, and addressed him in a low voice. "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die, I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity." So saying, he opened his albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood, strapped round his body.

"God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be." The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but in a little while he expired.

The water carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us

when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of this gossip tribe. This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a lookout, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence, that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber followed the water carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something therein.

The barber hied him home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the alcalde.

The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings!" said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time—"Strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial all in one night!"

"Hey!—how!—what is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush—"I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him, this blessed night. *Maldita sea la noche*—accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the alcalde.

"Be patient, Señor, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen.

Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and corrupt curmudgeons in all Granada. So he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil—a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb, a broad black beaver turned up at its sides; a quaint ruff;

a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black under-clothes that set off his spare wiry frame, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water carrier, and such was his speed and certainty, that he brought both poor Peregil and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of the most terrific frowns. "Hark ye, culprit!" roared he, in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together—"hark ye, culprit! There is no need of denying thy guilt, everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore—render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence; alas! not one of them appeared; and if they had, the alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy desires—of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water



carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandalwood which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandalwood! a box of sandalwood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? Where have you concealed it?"

"An' it please your grace," replied the water carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words, when the keen alguazil darted off, and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandalwood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasure it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

The alcalde being convinced of Peregil's innocence, discharged him from arrest; nay more, he permitted him to carry

off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandalwood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon, his usual good humor forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow—"Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water jars—poor beast."

The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but one evening his eye rested upon the box of sandalwood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor: "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth.

Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas: "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor

seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure, that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it!"

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying, he shouldered his water jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower: and

if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well nigh let fall his water jar.

Bright and early, he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower, and try the effect of the charm; if it fails we are no worse off than before; but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem; "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such a taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandalwood.

The Moor felt it and smelt of it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and ren-



dered formidable by so many traditionary tales. By the light of a lantern, they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended for several flights, leading into as many vaults one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense until they faintly heard the clock of the watchtower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh and frankincense and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor, yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault, covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on

some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure, and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde, we are undone!"

"Certainly," replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret: but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water carrier, sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home, he found his wife moping in a corner.

Honest Peregil was moved by the distress of his spouse. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman

stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? Surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman than it became a certainty with her. Overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, she fell into violent hysterics. What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy, than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water carrier was



perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true, she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new basquina all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in the sultry season, even though one might hire a house with a garden.

The neighbors stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever-watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water carrier, decorated with the splendor of an eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments, than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde, in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy

miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber, listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

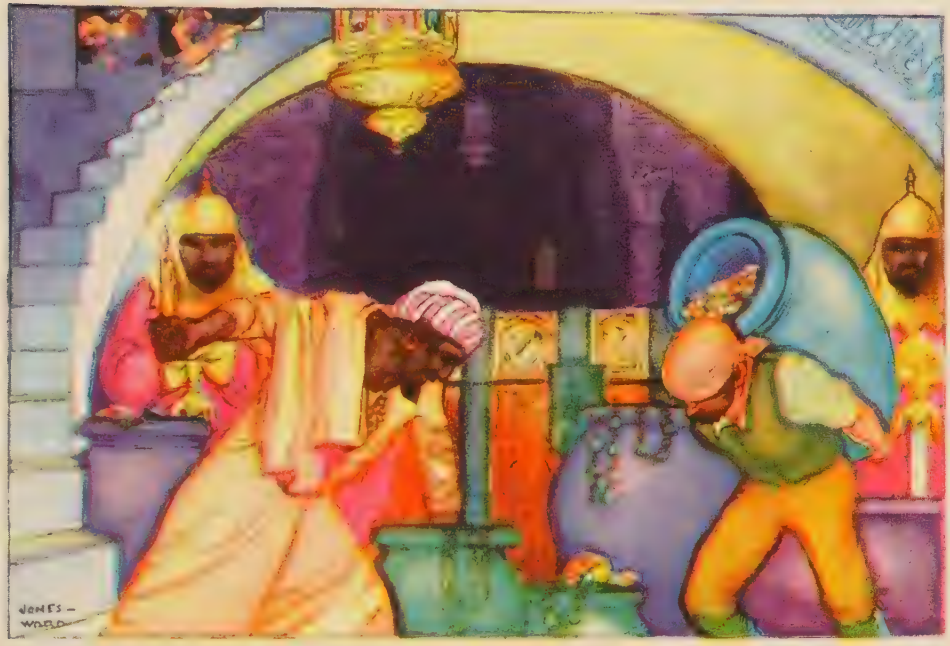
The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Towards midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed



little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde, motioning them back towards the opening.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man—more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried beneath it.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

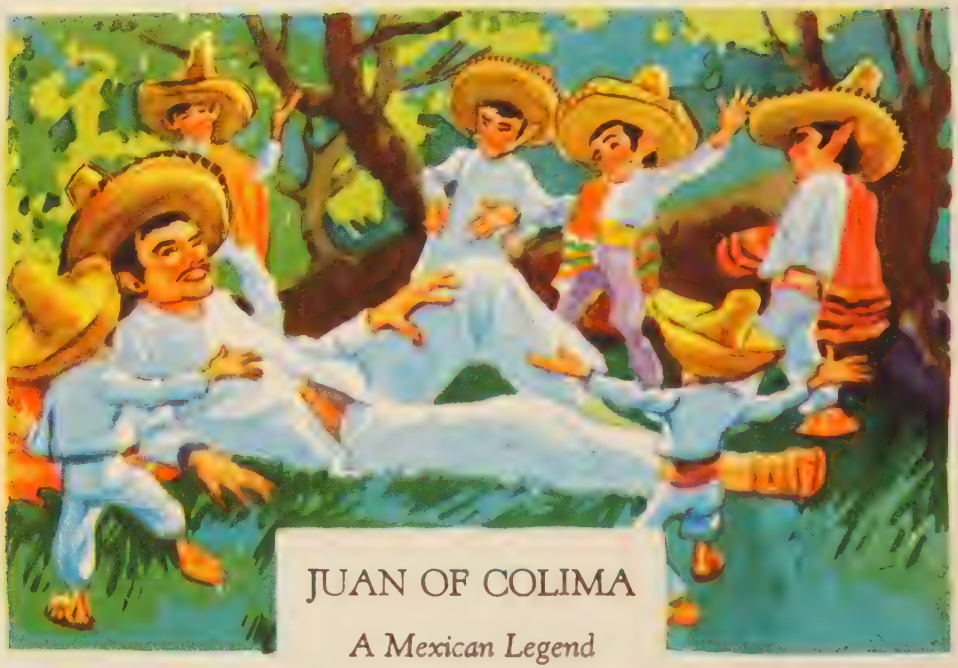
"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done!" So saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy, so the Moor and the water carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his

long-eared fellow laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man more joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold, of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tangiers, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil: his progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Senora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasselled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spellbound at the present day.



JUAN OF COLIMA

A Mexican Legend

IN A little Mexican village in the province of Colima, between the great volcano of that name and the Pacific Ocean, there lived two cousins, Juan and José. Both were peons, which means they were of the laboring class. Juan was a woodcutter, humpbacked and poor, but he was always jolly and ready to help others. José, on the other hand, was stingy and had saved much money. In fact, men hinted that he did not care how he came by wealth, just so that he got it.

One day when he was out in the forest chopping down a tree, Juan accidentally stepped in the path of the falling tree which crashed down so close to him that one great branch

Adapted from "The Hunchback of Colima," from *Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders*, by Charles M. Skinner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

threw him to the ground and knocked him senseless. When he came to himself it was growing dusk and he thought he heard voices close by. Propping himself on his elbow, he could see a group of elves dancing near the fallen tree, and as they danced they chanted, over and over again, the Spanish words: *Lunes, Martes, Miercoles—tres.*[1]

Juan wondered why they did not sing the rest, so he called out, "Why don't you sing more words?"

"We don't know them," called back the little men.

"Here is what you should say: *Jueves, Viernes, Sabado—seis.*"[2]

The elves were delighted to learn another line for their song and repeated it again and again, dancing around Juan meanwhile, until one of them cried out, "Let us pay Juan for being so kind to us. Why not take off his hump?"

No sooner said, than done. Juan went home as straight a man as was to be found in all Colima. His neighbors said it was the blow from the falling tree that had done it, but Juan knew better. However, he did carry home a hump on his back just the same, for the little men filled a goatskin bag with gold and gave it to him. When he reached his hut and emptied the treasure before his wife, she hardly knew whether she was more pleased with the gold or with the straight, strong man that Juan had become.

They at once set about building a house and Juan set up a shop, that he might not go so far to his work any more. Men wondered where all Juan's wealth came from, and none more

[1] Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—three.
[2] Thursday, Friday, Saturday—six.

than José. But Juan always laughed and said the elves had given him his gold, and because he laughed when he told the truth, nobody believed it really was the truth. Still, José at last was convinced, for he had secretly questioned Juan's wife and she had told the whole tale.

"Elves! There are no elves," he said to himself. "Yet even so, it is worth looking into a bit." So he went to the wood, lay down under a tree, and pretended to sleep. When the moon rose, out came the little people and this time they danced to a song of two verses:

Lunes, Martes, Miercoles—tres;
Jueves, Viernes, Sabado—seis.

"Why don't you sing the rest of it?" called out José suddenly, sitting up.

"We don't know any more. What is it?" asked the elves.

"You should end with: *Domingo—siete.*"[1]

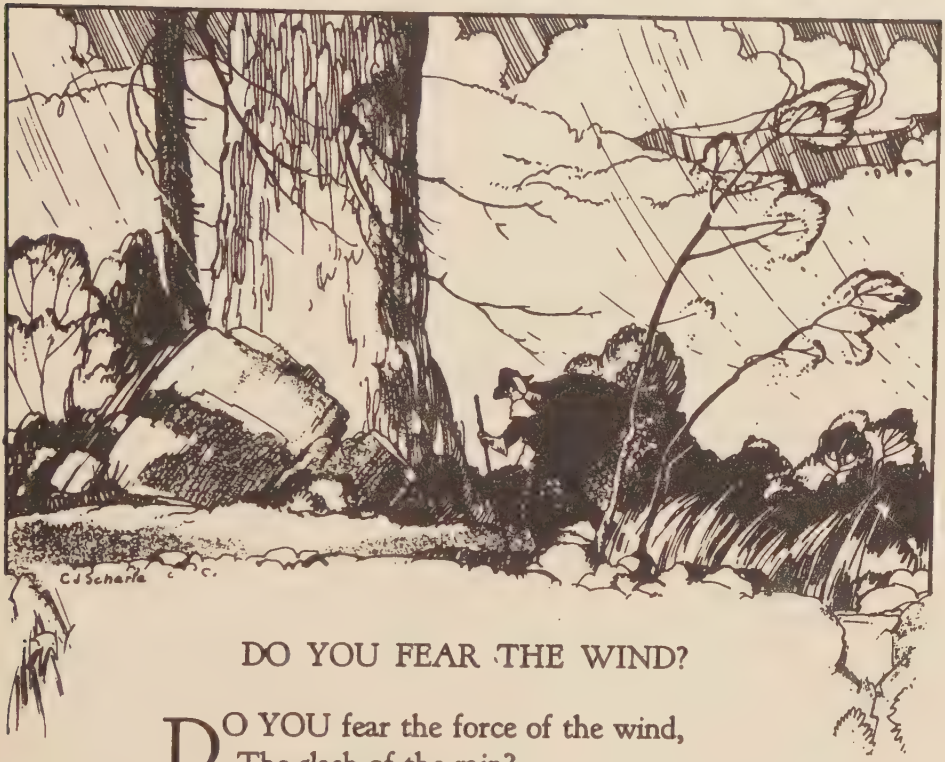
The elves tried it, then cried out angrily, "Why, you have spoiled it for us! That doesn't rhyme!" And they fell upon José and scratched and cuffed him soundly.

"Where is my gold?" José called, beating off the little men.

"So that is it," they answered. "You came for gold, and not to serve us." And for that sign of meanness and covetousness they put Juan's old hump upon José's back and he was forced to wear it ever after.

That is why, when people make needless and foolish remarks, the Mexican is likely to murmur as a warning, *Domingo—siete.*

[1] Sunday—seven.



DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

DO YOU fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheeks will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy;
But you'll walk like a man!

HAMLIN GARLAND

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WHEN THE LITTLE BLOND SHARK WENT VISITING

PADRAIC COLUM

KAPU-KAPU was the father and Ho-lei was the mother of the Little Blond Shark—Ka-ehu-iki, he was called. He asked his parents' permission to go visiting; his mother was fearful on account of the dangers he might encounter, but his father reassured her, saying that no dangers would befall their child while he went visiting his relatives and making a tour through the wide ocean.

Kapu-kapu gave him permission to go, and he gave his child, too, advice that would last him until he came to where Ka-moho-ali'i was—Ka-moho-ali'i, the King of All the Sharks. And the Little Blond Shark asked his father to tell him the names of the King-sharks in the waters around, so that he might call on them and pay his respects to them. Kapu-kapu then chanted their names:

Ka-panila, the King-shark of Hilo,
And Kaneilehia, the King-shark of Kau;
Mano-kini, the King-shark of Kohala,
Ka-pu-lena, the King-shark of Hamakua,
And Kua, the King-shark of Kona.

And when he had heard these names Ka-ehu-iki, the Little Blond Shark, started off.

The first one he called on was the King-shark of Hilo. "Is the stranger on a journey for pleasure?" said Ka-panila to him when he appeared at his cave at Hilo. "For pleasure, and to

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obtain instruction and some knowledge of the world," said the Little Blond Shark.

This reply pleased Ka-panila, and he bade the youthful stranger enter his cave. Ka-ehu-iki came within, and the two talked and ate together. "I am now setting forth," said the Little Blond Shark; "but would you, my lord and my chief, consent to add dignity to my tour by being my companion on the way?"

The King-shark of Hilo consented, and in the morning the two started off together. They came to Kau. At first the King-shark of Kau treated them distantly, but in a while he was made friendly by the manners and the address of the Little Blond Shark. And when they started off in the morning, Kaneilehia of Kau had consented to accompany them.

They went on to Kona, to Kohala, and to Hamakua. The Little Blond Shark introduced the Kings to each other, and he prevailed upon each of them to join in the tour he was making.

And so they went on, a friendly and a fine-looking company of sharks, full of good will for everyone and everything and admired by all who saw them. Mano-kini of Kohala was the one who had been the hardest to win over. But he agreed to go with them when he heard that it was their youthful leader's intention to proceed to Tahiti. "Muli-wai-lena, the Yellow River of Tahiti!" he said; "I will go until I bathe in it." But he warned the rest that they would have to be careful in going through the channel near Hana, for the rough King Kau-huhu's general kept guard there.

"Perhaps he is warlike only when one approaches him in a warlike way," said the Little Blond Shark.

"Whether we approach him in a warlike or a peaceable way he will try to bar our passage," said Mano-kini.

"Very well," said the Little Blond Shark; "but I on my part will not forget that I am the offspring of Kapu-kapu, the guard of Panau, who never turned his back on a battle offered him. I will not forget that," said the Little Blond Shark.

At these words the Kings who were with him looked at each other and nudged each other. "The high blood will show, the high blood will show," they said.

When they entered the channel at Hana they were met by a line of ocean battlers, the rough guards of the rough King Kau-huhu. The guards challenged Ka-ehu-iki and his party. The Little Blond Shark told them that they were on a journey of pleasure, and that they were going to no nearer place than Tahiti.

"You're not going through King Kau-huhu's channel, anyway," said one of these rough ones.

"Why should we not?" asked the Little Blond Shark with dignity.

"If you attempt to cross this way, it will be war—do you hear that?" said the head guardsman.

"It is singular to hear you speak in such a way," said the Little Blond Shark. "You could not be more truculent if we had come here to make war."

"War it will be," said King Kau-huhu's head guardsman, "if any of you attempt to come in on these borders."

Then the Little Blond Shark called his companions, each by his name, his title, and his kingship, and spoke to them. "There

is but one way," he said, "and that is the way that is marked out by our own strength and bravery. You remain outside the channel," he said to his friends, "and if I should fail in this, the way is open for your return to your native waters."

Having said this, the Little Blond Shark went forward and challenged King Kau-huhu's head guardsman. The great shark mocked at him, saying that a battle with such an undersized crab would only be a pastime for him. The Little Blond Shark went towards him. The guardsman made ready. As he did so Ka-ehu-iki shot forward and seized him by the fins; he held the fins fast. The great shark went this way and that way, and up and down, but Ka-ehu-iki went this way and that way with him, and up and down, without ever letting go his hold. He bit and bit at the great shark, and at last he bit through him. Then all the watching sharks saw the channel's great guardsman float away dead.

They were all amazed at the strength and bravery shown by the Little Blond Shark. They went to him and praised him and told him they would have him for their leader. Then they went to the cave where that rough shark, King Kau-huhu, lived.

Instead of welcoming his visitors King Kau-huhu looked at them angrily. And the words he said were so cold and distant that Ka-ehu-iki was moved to say to him:

"Well indeed does your angry name befit you, King Kau-huhu; in no other royal cave that we have come to have we had such an unfriendly reception."

Kau-huhu was made more and more angry by the address of the Little Blond Shark, and he immediately challenged the

youngster to battle. Ka-ehu-iki called his companions, each by his name, his title, and his kingship, and he said to them: "Stay near and watch the battle. If I am overcome, the way is open for your return to your native waters, and if I am victor we will celebrate my day together."

Kau-huhu was impatient for battle; without waiting for the Little Blond Shark to take up a position, he rushed out at him, coming into the open with his jaws extented as if to take in everything in the ocean. Ka-ehu-iki slipped out of his way; then he caught at his fins and held them until Kau-huhu was wearied out. And then the Little Blond Shark bit through the surly King and left him to float off dead.

He called to his companions; they came forward and congratulated him on his victory; then they went through the channel making their way to the cave of Ka-moho-ali'i, the King of All the Sharks.

When they came before his cave they sent a respectful message to him within, informing the King of All the Sharks that they were on a peaceful tour of sight-seeing, and begging permission to wait upon him.

The guard came back, and Ka-ehu-iki and his friends were brought within a splendid cave where they were entertained and given a magnificent banquet. Then they were taken before the King of All the Sharks.

Ka-moho-ali'i appeared before them, a most impressive figure; he was all overgrown with barnacles, and sea-mosses were streaming down from him. All the visiting sharks admired their great and venerable King.



Ka-ehu-iki addressed him, introducing each of his companions by his name, his title, and his kingship. He explained the object of his journey. And then he prayed that Ka-moho-ali'i might adopt him as his grandchild. The King of All the Sharks was pleased with the appearance of the Little Blond Shark and with all he said, and he freely agreed to adopt him as his grandchild. He had Ka-ehu-iki anointed as a King is anointed.

"Ka-moho-ali'i sets the seal of his approval on you with this anointing," said the attendant, "and he grants you power second to none in all this broad ocean, from north to south, from east to west, and wherever your travels may take you, and none may triumph over you from one horizon to the other, even to

the borders of Tahiti. And those who might challenge you will know by these presents that quietness will be their safety and contentions will be their death."

They rested until next day in Ka-moho-ali'i's cave; at parting, the King of All the Sharks gave the youthful leader his blessing. Ka-ehu-iki replied: "O King of the Sharks of this wide ocean, we leave our humble and hearty thanks with you for the good will you have shown us, and we shall carry as far as the sacred crossroad of Nu'u-mea-lani and back the memory of your royal kindness to us."

Then they went to call upon Ka-ahu-pahau, the Queen-shark of the waters. By a circuitous route they were taken to her cave and they were presented to the Queen and all her court. Almost immediately they were asked to join a bathing-party that the Queen was taking to Wai-mano; they went, and they greatly enjoyed the waters there.

Afterwards they went back to the royal cave, where they were entertained by various games—kilu and puili. And there Ka-panila, the King-shark of Hilo, for the Queen's entertainment, chanted the legends of Hawaii that were known from the most ancient times.

At the end of ten days, when they were making ready to start on their journey, the Queen presented the youthful leader with her own ivory wreath; with this in his possession he would be recognized and accepted by the guardian-sharks of all the royal domains. She begged him to take a competent pilot with their party, one who knew the way to Tahiti and the way back. Ka-ehu-iki agreed to do this; Kua of Kona, who was originally

from Tahiti, who knew its waters, was the one chosen for pilot.

Under the guidance of Kua they came into the waters of Tahiti. They bathed in Muli-wai-lena, the Yellow River of Tahiti; they met and they conversed with their giant relatives. And everywhere they went the ivory wreath presented to Ka-ehu-iki by the Queen-shark won friendship for them.

They bathed in Muli-wai-lena, the Yellow River of Tahiti, for the last time, and then they started for their home waters. When they were near the islands they were met by a very degraded shark who thought that Ka-ehu-iki and all his company were of the same kind as himself. He proposed to the Little Blond Shark that they should go and attack human beings when they were surf-riding.

"Indeed," said Ka-ehu-iki, "and may we know who it is who makes this fine proposal?"

"I am Pehu," said this offensive shark.

"From where do you come, Pehu?" asked Ka-ehu-iki.

"From Hono-ko-kau," the fellow said. "Let us go and catch crabs," said he then, meaning by that that he would have them go and catch human beings.

The Little Blond Shark pretended to fall in with the fellow's proposals. He said to him: "We know how to come on these human beings. Follow us to the place where they are surf-riding." Pehu then followed them, and they all went on.

But Ka-ehu-iki said to Ka-panila, the King-shark of Hilo, who was beside him: "This degraded fellow would bring trouble upon Ka-ahu-pahau, the Queen-shark of these waters who was so hospitable to us, for if any man-eating took place here she



would be blamed for it. We will have to do something to bring his career to an end." He went back to Pehu and said to him: "Follow us to the place that the surf-riders start from. You go shoreward while we remain seaward. We will watch for you, and when we give you the signal you can seize on one of the human beings." Pehu agreed to this, and then Ka-ehu-iki said to Ka-panila: "Let us lead this Pehu to his death. Let us crowd in on him when he comes near the shallow place and force him in on it." All Ka-ehu-iki's companions agreed to do it.

That day the surf was breaking strong, and there were many human beings at the outer surf-line. The sharks all went in a quiet manner until they were close to where the human beings took the bursting wave. Pehu said, "Let us make a seizure

now." "No," said Ka-ehu-iki, "wait until they take the surf. Then let us all rush in together. We will be in the swell of the surf, and when I cry out to you, that will be the time to make the seizure." Pehu went on then, but he waited for the signal from Ka-ehu-iki.

Presently the surf rose, and two human beings rode on it shoreward. The sharks swam with them. And when they were near the shallows the Little Blond Shark gave the word to his companions. They crowded in on Pehu. He heard the signal that he waited for. He leaped forward and sunk his head in a coral crevice, and his tail stood up in the air. Then Ka-ehu-iki and his companions went back into the deep water.

When the human beings who were surf-riding caught a glimpse of the sharks they were greatly terrified, and they fled ashore. Later on they came back; they took the carcass of Pehu and they burned the degraded shark to ashes.

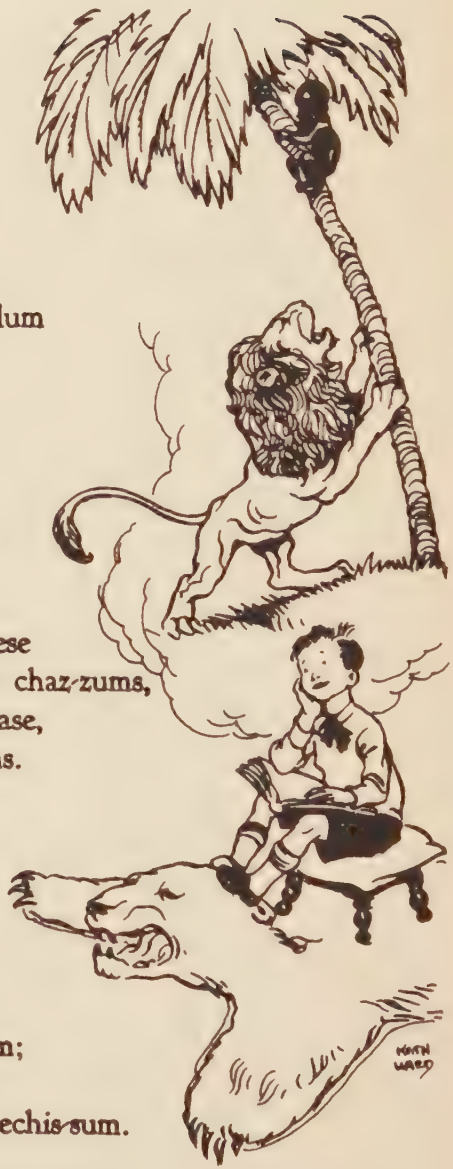
The Little Blond Shark and his companions went then to their home waters. Ka-panila of Hilo went with Ka-ehu-iki to Panau, where his parents were. You may be sure that Kapu-kapu was delighted to see his son so well-grown, so polished, too, by his travels, and so well commended by the Kings who had consented to join in his tour. He made a feast to welcome him home. For his mother and father it was a proud occasion when Ka-ehu-iki conveyed to them the royal greetings that had been given him for them, and the kind remembrances of so many distinguished sharks. Ka-panila told Kapu-kapu and Ho-lei of the great receptions that had been given them, and of Ka-ehu-iki's victories in battle. It was a tale that went on for many days.

SAGE COUNSEL

THE lion is the beast to fight;
He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane.
I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But if I were, with outward cal-lum
I'd either faint upon the spot
Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt;
He's fleeter than the wind,
And when the chamois is in front,
The hunter is behind.
The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chaz-zums,
I'd choose the former if you please,
For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow:
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.
And Polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colors of a pris-sum;
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechis-sum.



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